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ONE PENNY

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.

PARTRIDGES once more in poulterers' shops—partridges, swinging in bunches from the hands of hundreds as they emerge from the metropolitan railway stations, intended for presentation to London residents—partridges on the roofs of the London Parcels Delivery Company's carts—partridges roasting in numberless kitchens, sending forth savoury smells throughout houses—the crack of the fowling-piece throughout the length and breadth of the land, all inform us of the advent of the period when the sportsmen, duly equipped, again resort to turnip-fields, stubble, and covers, to deal death and destruction to these hapless birds. Partridge-shooting is, without doubt, one of the most exciting and invigorating of our national sports, and, as such, is eagerly

followed by men in all ranks of life, from the prince to the peasant. We will not here enter on the subject of our game-laws, and the wisdom of the recent enactment, but certain it is that birds are this year scarce, the early portion of the first day of shooting has generally found our poulterers' shops well supplied, much to our astonishment, as the sportsmen, it would appear, must have taken their breakfast overnight, and commenced operations certainly by daybreak. Upon this occasion, on the second day, we scarcely met with them. We trust, however, that all will have satisfactory sport. Below is a most characteristic sketch—the pointers marking the game, the partridges suspecting danger, and the Nimrod on the alert with finger on trigger, all assist to convey an excellent notion of September shooting.



THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.—PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.

Notes of the Week.

WE have to record the death of the Earl of Harrington, C.B., who expired on Sunday night last, at his residence, Harrington-house, Kensington Palace-gardens. The Right Honourable Leicester Fitzgerald Charles Stanhope, Earl of Harrington, county Northampton, Viscount Petersham, county Surrey, and Baron Harrington, county Northampton, in the peerage of Great Britain, was the third son of Charles, third earl, by Jane Seymour, daughter and co-heir of Sir J. Fleming, Bart. He was born on the 2nd of September, 1784, so that he had completed his 78th year within the last few days. The deceased nobleman married on the 23rd of April, 1831, Elizabeth, only child and heir of Mr. W. Green, of Trelawney, Jamaica, by whom he leaves issue two daughters and a son—namely, Lady Anna Caroline, married to Mr. Edward S. Chandos Pole; Lady Geraldine, unmarried; and Seymour Sydney Hyde, Viscount Petersham. The late peer was for nearly thirty years in the army, which profession he entered in 1799. He was a Commander of the Greek Order. His only son, before named, succeeds to the earldom, and the present earl was born September 27, 1815.

A COUNTERPART of Roupell has just appeared before the criminal court of Toulon, in the person of the ex-director of the Christian Brothers' school in that town. For twenty years his life has been an uninterrupted course of swindling, carried on with such adroitness that nobody entertained the slightest suspicion as to the means by which he provided his table with the rarest delicacies. The most novel feature in this case is that the denouncers of the culprit belong to his order. He was employed by them to exert his influence over divers individuals in getting money left to some religious establishment, and was thus afforded excellent opportunities of making false deeds and wills in his own favour. The vows of the French Christian Fathers not being perpetual, did not exclude him from the benefit of his legacies, and a savings bank started by him served as a supplementary resource where bills for choice wines, ortolans, and other delicacies of the table exhausted the funds acquired by the fraudulent deeds and wills.

A SOMEWHAT extraordinary instance of courage in a young boy of thirteen occurred the other day at Holyhead. A toy named Jones, while sculling a boat with another lad, fell into the water near the old harbour. One of two men passing by plunged in to his assistance, but his clothes becoming exceedingly heavy in the water, he was obliged to turn back. Seeing this, the young lad, whose name was John Williams, instantly swam to the rescue. The drowning boy Jones grasped him so tightly as to deprive him of all power, and both consequently sank. Williams, however, extricated himself, and rose to the surface. Despite his narrow escape the brave boy made the greatest exertions to hold up his companion, who, catching his rescuer a second time in his death grasp, again caused both to sink. Williams again rose, still preserving his hold, and by this time the man who had been passing came to their assistance, and held them till a boat was brought. Both were apparently dead when brought to land, but happily young Williams soon recovered. The lad whom he had so bravely attempted to rescue died the same night.

THE inquest on the unfortunate who was killed by the collision between the two railway excursion trains at Market Harborough, has been brought to a conclusion, when the jury brought in a verdict of manslaughter against the driver of the second train for disregard of the signals. At the same time they record their censure on the railway company for starting two trains within so short a period of each other without giving them sufficient break power to avoid a collision. The driver, Ezra Stubbs by name, was committed to prison on the coroner's warrant, for manslaughter.

A MAN BITTEN BY A VIPER.—On Sunday last a man named Edwin Marsden went out on a moor near Chesterfield, to gather bog-bean. While so employed he felt a sharp sting on the hand, and looking down saw a viper of considerable size fast to his thumb. He instantly brushed it off and sucked the wound, but in a short time his hand and arm swelled tremendously. He went home, but a strong feverish symptoms set in, and he was removed to Chesterfield in a cab for medical assistance. On arriving there the fever raged so high that it was not thought that he could survive. Under the care of Mr. Jones, surgeon, he became somewhat better, but is still in considerable danger. Soon after sucking the wound his mouth and tongue became very much swollen from the irritant nature of the poison, and it is with difficulty he eats.

AN ATTACK of a peculiar nature occurred near Carmarthen on Saturday afternoon. A young woman named Gwenllian Williams was proceeding across the fields homewards from market, when she was fiercely attacked by a rook. The bird flew at her face, flapping its wings and clawing in the most violent manner. The girl was frightened and took to her heels. The enraged bird, however, still kept up the chase, and was only induced to forego the attack still further by a countryman, who, happening to pass at the time, drove it away. On examination of the face of the young woman, who had fallen to the ground in a fainting state, it was found that her left eye had been pecked completely away. She was conveyed home, and proper surgical attendance procured. Her face was also scarred and marked to a considerable extent, part of her lip being pecked away.

As an express train from Lyons was entering the station at Châsses, a passenger, in order to get rid of an empty bottle, threw it out of the carriage window. Unfortunately the projectile struck the head of an engine driver of a train which was standing in the station, and who was sitting down smoking his pipe, and injured him so severely that he died in a short time after.

ON Monday Dr. Lancaster held an inquest at the Old King's Arms, Short's-gardens, Prury-lane, on the body of an infant, three months old, the illegitimate offspring of Jane Phillips, 19, Tower-street, St. Giles's. The deceased was found dead in its mother's arms in bed. The evidence of Mr. Bennett, the medical officer of St. Giles's workhouse, who attended, proved that death was caused by suffocation. Verdict—"Accidental suffocation."

A MYSTERIOUS murder has just been committed at 14, Rue de Dechargeurs, Paris. A woman of about thirty-eight or thirty-nine years of age, hired a furnished lodging on the third floor of that house. She occupied it alone, but frequently received visits from men unknown in the quarter. The woman had lived a long time separate from her husband, a provincial dealer. She had had several children, now of the ages of from eighteen to twenty-one years, and her eldest daughter was also settled in Paris. Early on Wednesday evening she was seen to descend and go into the street. She then returned, followed, it is said, by a stranger to the house, and from that time has not been seen alive, and no one heard any disturbance in the house. Things were in this state when, between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, the neighbourhood was alarmed by smoke which escaped from the interstices of the apartments. In the belief that a fire was about to break out, they, after knocking in vain at the door, forced it open, perceiving that the curtains and a portion of the bedclothes were burning, and by the light of the flames they saw with horror the woman stretched motionless on the carpet in the midst of a pool of blood. Life was extinct, and there was a large and deep wound on her neck, evidently inflicted with some large and sharp-cutting instrument, which, however, could not be found. It was plain, then, that she had suffered death from the hand of a stranger. The commissary of police of the district having received information of the occurrence, has set on foot an investigation; it is ascertained that nothing has been stolen from the room, and that the victim was a woman named L., apparently in a state of pregnancy.

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

THE *Expit Public*, a paper connected with the Government, publishes the following announcement:—"Public opinion is justly pre-occupied with the attitude which the French Government is about to take in consequence of the late events in Italy. We do not think ourselves prepared to make known the decisions come to at the Council of Ministers held at St. Cloud on the eve of the departure of the Emperor for Biarritz. That meeting, at which, independently of all the ministers now in Paris, some members of the Privy Council, among them Cardinal Morlot, were present, the official intelligence received from Italy was first made known, including the affair at Aspromonte. The question as to whether France should change her attitude was afterwards warmly discussed. The Minister of Foreign Affairs had, it is said, prepared a diplomatic note to be sent to the Court of Rome, in case the Government should decide on putting an immediate end to the occupation. That note, without being absolutely rejected, was considered inopportune, and its dispatch postponed. The following resolutions were come to: 'The *status quo* is to be prolonged some time longer at Rome, and no modification be introduced in the military occupation. A diplomatic dispatch will be transmitted officially to Turin, to the French Minister, with orders to leave a copy of it with General Durando. That dispatch will contain congratulations to the Government of Turin for the triumph it has just obtained over the party of action. We are also assured that in the negotiations which are to be actively resumed with the Court of Rome, endeavours will be made to prepare the papacy for the necessity, with a fixed delay, of no longer relying on the protection of France, and of defending itself.'

M. de Lavalette, the French ambassador at Rome, has been summoned to Biarritz, where a military and political council on Roman matters will assemble under the Emperor's presidency. It is to consist of M. Walewski, Marshal Niel, Marshal MacMahon, M. Fould, and M. de Lavalette.

La Patrie, in announcing the departure of the last vessels that convey a corps d'armee of nearly 30,000 men to Mexico, concludes as follows:—"On entering Mexico our soldiers will find what France always expected to find—friends. Our flag, in protecting the reorganisation of an independent and local power, will only be completing the work decided upon by the parties who signed the Treaty of London. As regards the issue of this expedition, it may be easily foreseen. Our soldiers, returning their swords to their scabbards, will leave to French diplomacy the care of carrying out the task so generously undertaken. And French diplomacy will call European diplomacy to her, and it is with the councils of the great Powers, that civilization, expected for more than half a century, will make its first steps on Mexican soil."

ITALY.

THE DEFEAT OF GARIBALDI.

A Turin letter, dated September 5th, says:—"After a long debate in the Council of Ministers, it is said that a resolution has been come to that Garibaldi and his fellow-prisoners be brought before a council of war, and that general court-martials be held upon their accomplices throughout the kingdom. The persons to be prosecuted can be hardly less than 3,000. With respect to Garibaldi's health, very gloomy reports have spread about to-day, I know not upon what authority, although they have found their way even into semi-official papers. The general is suffering severely from his wounds. The bullet which hit him in the thigh is said to be lodged in the groin—a circumstance which gave rise to the report of a third wound in the abdomen. The foot is hurt at the top of the ankle. The sufferer is unable to stand or stir, and those who saw him carried from the frigate to the Varignano on a litter, or hurdle, aver that he looked very pale, though his countenance was cheerful. It is said, however, that his moral sufferings are greater than his physical ailments, and some go so far as to foretell that he will not survive his defeat. Garibaldi is usually very silent. The man who evinced the greatest sympathy with the hero's misfortune was decidedly the King, Victor Emmanuel. He stood out for an amnesty as long as he could, but he had only two of his Ministers on his side. Private accounts of the affair at Aspromonte state that the Royalists left 212 men on the field, between dead and wounded; the volunteers must have lost more than 600. The volunteers, we are told, were the first to fire, when they saw the Bersaglieri steadily bearing upon them. The latter struggled up the hill without returning the fire. An intimation was then made to the rebels to lay down their arms, and, as this was received with new discharges from the volunteers, the Bersaglieri only once fired their pieces, and rushed to the onslaught with the bayonet. The fight lasted long after Garibaldi was on the ground. Some of the Garibaldians are still in arms in Calabria, and one of their bands was lately defeated in a new encounter. The Garibaldian prisoners are 2,200, of whom 200 are deserters from the royal army. The Mazzinians bribed the deserters at the rate of 100*fr.* (£4) per man."

The *Aleanza* proposes that, in order to preserve the respect due to the laws, the Italian municipalities should send an address to the King, soliciting Garibaldi's pardon, "which would then be an act emanating from the national will."

The bulletin on the health of Garibaldi published on Sunday announces that a consultation of physicians had been held, and that it has been ascertained there is no ball in the wound. It will take a long time to effect a cure, but there is no immediate danger.

An officer of the Garibaldian staff thus describes the enterprise of Aspromonte:—

"Garibaldi was in the centre of the hill-lope occupied by his column; he sent his officers all along the front with repeated, express, positive orders not to fire. We were being surrounded on all sides; the Bersaglieri were within shot; they had levelled their pieces; all our column was perfectly still. Not one shot—not one shot. The general alone stood up, with his wide, grey plaid cloak lined with red, thrown on his massive shoulders, following the movements of the Royalists with his spy glass, and from time to time turning to repeat the order, 'Do not fire.' The officers took up the cry, and 'Do not fire' went the round of the whole line. But the troops had, on the contrary, precise orders to attack. The Bersaglieri opened fire and moved forward. No intimation or summons preceded the fire, no *parliament* fire was sent. The firing deepened; the bullets hissed on all sides round our heads. Unfortunately some of our raw recruits, unaccustomed to such terrible sport, answered by a few random shots; the others did not stir. Every one kept his own ground, some standing, some seated. All the trumpets gave the signal to stop fire; all the officers verbally issued the same order. The troops, on the contrary, set up the signal 'Forward' and advanced with well sustained fire. The general, always at his post, standing in the midst of the densest shower of balls, again cried, 'Do not fire!' He was uttering those words when two bullets struck him; one, a spent ball, on the thigh of the left leg; another, with full force, on the ankle, 1 ft. 1 in. foot. Garibaldi, at the moment of being wounded, not only stood up, upright, but he assumed a majestic attitude; he took off his hat, and waving it with his left hand, he repeatedly cried, 'Long live Italy! Do not fire!' Some of the officers, the nearest to him, removed him and laid him under a tree. There, with his habitual calmness, he continued to give his orders. The most precise were the following:—'Let them come near. Do not fire!' On all our front the fire had ceased. Presently Menotti was

brought to the spot. He also had been hit by a spent ball in the calf of his left leg. He was in great pain, unable to stand. Father and son were laid under the same tree; a group of officers and soldiers gathered round the general. He had lighted a cigar, and was smoking. He said to all, 'Do not fight!' The officers, questioned by their soldiers, also invariably answered, 'Do not fight!' The trumpets, too, never ceased from their signal, 'stop fire!' not for our men, but for the troops which fired as they advanced, even when they had come up and were mixed with our volunteers. From the first shot to this moment hardly a quarter of an hour elapsed.

The following extract from a letter describes Garibaldi's fortitude after he was wounded and captured:—

"Meanwhile the surgeons examined and dressed the general's wounds. He bade them apply cold water to them, and all the time he smoked with great calmness and firmness. He asked whether an amputation was necessary, in which case it should be done forthwith. The doctors assured him there was no occasion for such an operation. Garibaldi asked to see Pallavicino, who twenty minutes later came to him, uncovered, and with every demonstration of respect. It was afterwards settled between the officers of both staffs that the Garibaldian column should be disarmed and placed under the escort of the royal troops. It was agreed that Garibaldi should be removed to Scylla, with as many of his officers as he wished to have with him, all of whom should retain their swords. Towards evening the Garibaldians improvised a litter for the removal of their chief. After an hour's painful march over rugged paths they came to a hut where some wounded men had been laid. Garibaldi refused to abide there for the night. He wished to be taken to some other hut or hayloft, where he might be alone. The journey in the dark on so rough a road must have caused great torture to the general; but he never uttered a complaint, not a groan. They thus, after three hours' march, charred the hut of the Pastore Vinzenzo, a spot well known to the heroes of the expedition of 1860. There, with straw and cloaks, they made up a bed, on which the general rested. The night was feebly lighted by the moon; great silence reigned over the country, only broken by the barking of the shepherds' dogs. They prepared water for the hero's wounds; they gave him broth made of goat's flesh. It was midnight. At dawn they were up constructing a more comfortable litter; at six a.m. they left for Scylla. When the sun rose they screened the hero by a laurel canopy. With the exception of a few halts of half an hour, they toiled down those weary paths till two p.m., when they reached their destination."

AMERICA.

Advices from Louisville, Kentucky, of the 23rd ult., report that General R. W. Johnson, of Kentucky, with 800 Federal soldiers, comprising a part of the 2nd Indiana regiment, Wynkoop's Pennsylvania Regiment, and the Kentucky Cavalry, under Colonel Hazzart, attacked 1,700 guerillas, under Morgan, near Gallatin, and were defeated, with a loss of 200 prisoners, including General Johnson. The remainder of the Federal forces escaped and went to Nashville.

The following description of the danger threatening at Washington is entertained in a New York letter, dated August 26:—

"During the last seven days Washington has been in greater danger of capture than Richmond has been at any time during twelve months, and if the national capital be not at the present moment in Confederate hands, the fact of its safety will scarcely be due to Federal good management. It has been surmised, since Wednesday last, that there has been hot work between the Rapidan and the Rappahannock, and many exaggerated rumours both of success and defeat have reached this city; but it was not until this morning that people were made fully aware, by the correspondence of the *Tribune*, of the danger that Pope and McClellan had been in, and from which at the date of the last letters they had not entirely escaped. On Sunday afternoon, the date of the last authentic news of which there is any detail, the rival armies of Pope and the Confederates confronted each other on the Rappahannock, the Confederates having failed to turn Pope's flank, or to crush him as they anticipated. It appears that at that time he had been reinforced by at least some portion of McClellan's army, advancing up the Potomac from Fortress Monroe to Aquia Creek; and the probability is that a pitched battle either has been or speedily will be fought on the banks of the Rappahannock for the possession of Washington. The Confederates were near upon capturing Pope himself on Friday, and, by a dashing movement, took possession of his headquarters and carried off his private and public papers, containing a sketch of the campaign, the authentic disposition of the Federal troops, many valuable strategic maps and plans, and about 200 horses and mules. Yesterday evening, it is stated from Washington, the Confederates attacked Warrenton without success, but the report does not rest on sufficient authority to be relied upon. In the meantime, nothing is heard of Stonewall Jackson or the army in the Shenandoah Valley—an ominous silence, which leads many to infer that Washington and the Federal armies are in much greater peril than the Government chooses to acknowledge. The situation is critical in the extreme. If the Confederates fail, their defeat will be far the most serious which they have yet experienced; and if the Federals lose Washington, they remove the last and strongest impediment to the mediation of Europe."

Another great battle has been fought at Bull's Run. The following is General Pope's report to General Halleck of its results:—"Quarters, Field of Battle, Grovedown, near Gainesville, Aug. 30th. 'We fought a terrific battle here yesterday with the combined forces of the enemy, which lasted with continuous fury from daylight until after dark, by which time the enemy was driven from the field, which we now occupy. Our troops are too much exhausted to push matters, but I shall do so in the course of the morning as soon as Fitz-John Porter's corps comes up from Manassas. The enemy is still in our front, but badly used. We have not less than 8,000 men killed and wounded, but from the appearance of the field the enemy have lost two to our one. He stood strictly on the defensive, and every assault was made by ourselves. Our troops have behaved splendidly. The battle was fought on the identical battle-field of Bull's Run, which greatly increased the enthusiasm of our men. The news has just reached me from the front that the enemy is retreating towards the mountains. I at once pushed forward a reconnoitering party to ascertain this. We have made great captures, but I am not yet able to form an idea of their extent."

(Signed), "JOHN POPE, Major General Commanding."

THE CAPTURE OF GARIBALDI.

WHEN the news of the capture of the great Italian patriot was communicated to King Victor Emmanuel, it is said his Majesty was visibly affected. Our artist has rendered an interesting picture of the announcement to the King. In our last number we gave a full-page engraving of Catania, from which port Garibaldi departed for Calabria, of which the following anecdote is told:—"Commander Giraud, in the Duca di Genoa frigate (which, with the Vittoria Emanuele, Commander Arcoate, was sent to keep Garibaldi from sailing out of the bay—a bay, by the way, so narrow, that a frigate athwart the mouth would effectually blockade it), had a interview with Garibaldi on Sunday, and told him that unless the steamers in the port were dismissed in twenty-four hours, he, the commander, must take possession of them. 'You give me but scant time,' said the General, 'but I will see what we can do.' And so, indeed, he did; and before half the time had elapsed, was steaming towards Calabria."

General News.

Last week there was a rather motley group of celebrated personages at Lausanne. Amongst them were the Austrian General Knollys, the former dictator of Hungary (M. Kossuth), Prince Napoleon, and the Queen of Hanover.

PREPARATIONS are being made for the approaching visit of the Prince of Wales to his recently-purchased estate at Sandringham, Norfolk. General Knollys, Controller to his Royal Highness's household, and Mr. White, the Prince's solicitor, have made a preliminary visit to and inspection of the estate during the present week; and it is understood to be the intention to erect a residence for General Knollys at a convenient spot in the park. The hall will be enlarged for the accommodation of the Prince and his suite, and considerable additions will in all probability be made to the stables.

THERE is a good story about the clubs. Count Persigny is tormented by the green-eyed monster; a prey to the pangs of jealousy, he fancies all mankind to be banded in a conspiracy to deprive him of his conjugal felicity. His wife the Countess is really a "fast" lady. Whilst he was with the Emperor at Vichy, the other day, he received an anonymous letter recommending him to return to Paris by two o'clock the following afternoon, and to repair to a certain place, where he might obtain some information touching his domestic troubles. The Count showed the letter to the Emperor, who told him that it was a hoax, got up by some one who had been amused by his jealousy; but the Imperial arguments failed with the jealous Count, he took leave of his Sovereign to depart by the next train. An hour later, the Emperor telegraphed to the Countess Persigny—"Count Persigny will return to Paris at two p.m., send his carriage to meet him at the station."

It is stated that the man who was recently apprehended at Edinburgh for circulating forged Russian notes has made a complete confession, and disclosed his accomplices. He asserts that all the forgeries were executed in London.

THE Sioux Indians in Minnesota are disaffected at the non-payment by the Washington Government of their promised annuities and allowances, and, instigated, it is said, by the Confederates, have made a general onslaught upon the white population, and barbarously massacred upwards of 500 men, women, and children.

THE Austrian *Gazette* states that a highly respectable man residing at Gyongas (Hungary), having found a friend at his house paying attentions to his wife too assiduous to be pleasant, cut off one of the gentleman's ears, and has carried it in his pocket ever since.

THE See of Canterbury of course falls to the patronage of Lord Palmerston, and it is remarkable as the second archiepiscopal see to which the present Premier has had to nominate a successor during the present year. The primacy of Ireland was recently placed at the disposal of the Premier by the death of the Archbishop of Armagh.

TWO seamen belonging to her Majesty's ship *Magicienne*, had their arms blown off lately at Rhodes, while firing a salute to the French Admiral Touchard. Although suffering from a wound, Admiral Touchard immediately proceeded on board the English vessel, and remained conversing in English with the poor sufferers while their shattered limbs were being amputated. On leaving the admiral gave them each 100*fr.*, and promised to intercede with the English Government to obtain for them a life pension. One of the men was only nineteen.

A YOUNG man named Flasschoen very narrowly escaped being poisoned last week at Brussels, from drinking the first glass of beer drawn from the counter-machine at a public house. It is usual to throw away the beer which has remained in the metal pipes all night, but this precaution had been neglected in the present instance. The liquor was so strongly impregnated with the metallic poison that the young man's recovery was considered hopeless for several hours.

It is understood that there will be no opposition to the election of Alderman Rose the next in rotation for the office of chief magistrate. Some time since it was suggested that probably the present Lord Mayor would be elected a third time to fill the office, but this idea is now abandoned, as his lordship is indisposed to undertake again the arduous duties which the position involves.

TWO brothers, named Faure, and a man named Lambert, residing in the commune of Gauriac, in France, (Gironde), were, two days ago, occupied in discharging a cartload of straw, when a thunderstorm, accompanied by a torrent of rain, came on. The three men went for shelter beneath the cart, but they had not been there many minutes when the lightning struck and set it on fire. One of the brothers was killed, the other had his head and right arm slightly burnt, and Lambert escaped with only a slight commotion.—*Galignani*.

THE Great Eastern steamer has anchored in Flushing Bay, New York. She struck a rock at Montauk Point, saving a hole in her bottom. The accident is not considered to be serious, as the shock has only penetrated the outer scale of the ship, the inner scale remaining intact. The leakages are not sufficient to impair her safety. Efforts will be made to repair her in New York.

TEN thousand pounds, the produce of a subscription for the relief of the Lancashire operatives, has been remitted to England by the last mail.

WE (*Post*) believe that, although nothing is as yet officially settled with respect to the vacant see of Canterbury, there is no doubt that the Bishop of London, Dr. Tait, will be translated to the primacy.

THE Preston Guild Festival was brought to a close by a juvenile ball in the Corn Exchange. There was a very large attendance, and the little folks enjoyed themselves amazingly. The festival has brought a good deal of money into the town, but the shopkeepers complain that their extra receipts will barely enable them to pay for the painting and upholstery work with which they endeavoured to do honour to the Guild. It is calculated that if the operatives had been in full employment, some £15,000 to £20,000 more would have been spent during the week.

ON Monday there was a grand demonstration of Foresters, habited in the regalia of their order, in Marylebone and Paddington. They assembled in large numbers on Paddington-green, and then marched in procession to Lord's Cricket-ground, where they were joined by other benefit societies, and where all sorts of amusements were provided. The proceedings were under the patronage of Lord Fernoy and Mr. Harvey Lewis, the two members for the borough; and the profits which may arise from the *fête* will be devoted to the benefit of St. Mary's Hospital, in that district.

ON Monday an inquiry was held at the Poplar Hospital by Mr. H. Raffles Walthew, the deputy coroner for East Middlesex, respecting the death of Joseph Sargent, aged fifty-six, who was killed on the previous Thursday under the following shocking circumstances:—Mr. William Noffatt, 3, Eagle-terrace, Victoria-road, said that on the day in question the deceased and six other men were moving a ship's mast, more than sixty feet in length, down the road towards the docks. At the moment of the accident the steam from the heavy steam hammer of the Thames Iron Works escaped with a loud noise and frightened a powerful horse, which darted along the road, and the wheel of the cart he was drawing caught the mast and ran along it, taking off a long shaving, until the deceased was come to, when he was crushed against the timber and the truck on which it rested. His chest was completely flattened in by the terrible force of the collision, the ribs being broken and driven into the lungs. He was forthwith carried to the hospital, where death soon terminated his sufferings. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental Death."

Provincial News.

WILTSHIRE.—AN ELEPHANT AT LARGE.—In Trowbridge, on Saturday, the elephant "Ajax," belonging to Sanger's Circus, and his keeper, were quartered at the Horse and Groom public-house, and during the night "Ajax," like a true Grecian, defied locks, bolts, and bars, and played "Magg's diversions." In the first place he was tied by a strong rope to an iron bar driven eight inches into the earth; this he easily pulled up, and then took down the heavy stable-door which confined him, neither hinges, locks, nor bolts offering the slightest impediment. "Ajax" next performed a similar operation on the cellar door, but did no damage. Leaving that place, he went into the garden, where he demolished everything, and trampled the ground flat. The Congree Chapel abuts into this garden, and the animal smashed the windows, framework, and all, and also those in the cellar, doing damage to the amount of about 30*s.* At this point of the proceedings the keeper appeared, and led "Ajax" back to his dormitory, where he administered a sound castigation to him. The proprietor of the circus, on being apprised of the damage, immediately made reparation for the same.—*Wiltshire Mirror*.

YORKSHIRE.—THE MARRIAGE LAWS.—The injustice of the present marriage laws was proved in a remarkable manner in a case heard before the County Court judge at Boston. A man named Mark Gibbs, tea hawker, some few weeks since filed a petition of bankruptcy, and the officers of the Bankruptcy Court took possession of his goods and were proceeding to sell them for the benefit of his creditors, but the man's wife claimed them as her own property, alleging that though she was married to the bankrupt she was not legally his wife, being the widow of his deceased brother, to whom the goods had originally belonged, and that they were therefore her property by right of inheritance. At the public investigation in the court this wife of two brothers attended, and proved that she was the widow of George Gibbs, brother of the bankrupt, and that though she had since married Mark Gibbs, and lived with him as his wife and bore him children, she was in the eye of the law only his mistress. She said the goods seized were formerly the property of her first husband, and that she had not since his death sold or disposed of them to Mark Gibbs, although they had continued to use them since their marriage. The judge said that a more remarkable case had never come under his notice. There was no doubt that the claimant, although twice married, was in the eye of the law a widow, and that her second marriage being illegal in no way invalidated her right to her first husband's goods. The second husband, in fact, acquired no rights by his marriage, and he might leave his wife and children any time, and they had not the slightest claim upon him. This was the law, and he was bound to administer the law as he found it. The woman having sworn that the goods were left to her by a former husband, and there being no evidence to the contrary, it was his duty to declare the goods were her property, and the creditors of her present husband (who legally was not her husband), had no claim on them. The goods must be restored to the woman.—*Leeds Mercury*.

SUSSEX.—FATAL AFFRAY.—A party of men, women and children, hop-pickers, in the employ of Mr. Coleman, arrived in a waggon at the village of Udimer, near Ry, Sussex, from Heathfield, and soon after were met by a party of Irish reapers. Some vulgar abuse was interchanged, and two of the Irishmen struck one of the hop-pickers named Robbins, when a regular *melee* ensued. The Irishmen used their sickles, the hop-pickers defended themselves as best they could, the women hurling stones at their opponents. Henry Spears, the driver of the waggon, had his arm nearly cut off. They even attacked the horses, and wounded them. The horses bolted, and two of the women were knocked down and run over. A number of the constabulary at length arrived, and stopped the fray, when it was found that a woman, named Ellen Malone, had been killed. One man named Robert Lynch, who it is stated, killed the woman, was apprehended, and lodged in Rye Gaol. Several of the persons stabbed are in danger.

DURHAM.—FIVE MEN KILLED.—A most melancholy accident occurred in the pit of Monkwearmouth Colliery Sunderland, about midnight, last Saturday. The colliery is a deep one—one of the deepest in England. Five men were at work in a cradle suspended in the shaft by chains, and above this was a scaffold. Their names were Hall, Dryden, Lamb, Mason, and Chorley. Just ten minutes before the poor fellows should have changed their shift, and should have been sent to bank, the chain by which the cradle was suspended from some cause gave way, and the poor fellows were dropped with the cage into the bottom of the pit and were killed.

LINCOLNSHIRE.—FATAL OMNIBUS ACCIDENT.—An alarming accident occurred to a pleasure party who were returning to Boston, from a picnic at Miningsby. The excursionists, numbering about twenty ladies and gentlemen, were riding in an omnibus and four driven by Mr. Mears, of the White Horse Inn, Boston, and had proceeded safely on their return, until within about two miles of Boston. The road on which they travelled at this point runs parallel with a wide drain, and in consequence of the centre of the road being here covered with loose shingle, and the trees on the grass-side overhanging it, the driver pulled off the road upon the field on the side nearest the drain, and so proceeded safely for a few hundred yards, when the conveyance suddenly slipped and fell over the edge of the drain bank, a depth of several feet, into the water, and in its fall it turned two complete somersaults. The gentlemen who were on the outside were precipitated into the drain, and the driver fell among his affrighted horses. The majority of the gentlemen as well as the driver being only slightly injured, instantly went to the rescue of the ladies who occupied the inside of the vehicle, a feat they speedily accomplished, and found that they were but slightly injured. It was next decided to ascertain whether all had been safely extricated, when it was found that Mr. West, draper, was missing, and on a close search the unfortunate gentleman was found beneath the vehicle, completely immersed in water. He was speedily conveyed to an adjacent public-house, where Mr. Pilcher, surgeon (one of the party), used every possible exertion to restore animation, but without avail. The injuries of the remainder were fortunately discovered to be only of a slight character, and chiefly contusions and cuts. News soon reached Boston, whence cabs and additional medical aid were speedily despatched. An inquest was held on the body of Mr. West, when a verdict of "Accidental Death" was returned. The jury wished it to be represented to the trustees of the road that it was in a dangerous condition, and recommended that the overhanging branches of the trees be cut away.

IRELAND.

ATTEMPTED RIBBON MURDER.—A report has just reached Dublin of an attempt at murder in the county Roscommon, under circumstances which further illustrate the deep malignancy of the Ribbon system. Some short time ago a threatening letter was sent to Mr. Walpole, a gentleman residing in the vicinity of Strokerstown, commanding him to dismiss his steward, a man named Brabancy. He did not choose to comply with such an audacious order. On Wednesday night as the steward was entering his own house, he was fired at from behind a hedge, and received a number of slugs in different parts of his body. He was fortunately not killed, but has received serious injury. The impunity which so many murders have obtained is, no doubt, very much calculated to promote assassination.

THE ROUELL FORGERIES.

WITHIN the last few days a notification has been made to Mr. Avory, the clerk and principal legal officer of the Central Criminal Court, by the solicitor of the Treasury, that it is the intention of the Government to take up the prosecution against Mr. Roupell, and copies of the depositions taken by the magistrates at Guildford against the prisoner have been furnished to the Home Office. Since Mr. Roupell has been confined in Horseferry-lane Gaol he has not exhibited the slightest depression of spirits. Like all other prisoners before trial he is permitted to provide provisions for himself, of course under certain restrictions, and he eats and drinks heartily, and does not seem at all affected by his position. He has not been visited by any of his relatives, neither has he received or made any communications to them. He has been visited by an attorney, with whom he has had several long consultations, the nature of which is, of course, strictly private. It is generally believed, however, that he will plead guilty, as he is fully aware that it is only by persisting in his admission of forgery, and being convicted and suffering the penalty for that crime, that he can hope to succeed in his object of causing the restitution of the property to the heir-at-law. Under ordinary circumstances Mr. Roupell would be removed directly from his present place of imprisonment to Newgate with the rest of the prisoners charged with the commission of offences in the county of Surrey, but as he is in the custody of the sheriff of that county under a detainer for debt, it will be necessary, before he can be removed, that a writ of *habeas corpus* should be applied for. The detainer is for the sum of £600, and is at the suit of a lady whose name it is needless to mention. In all probability the bills against the prisoner will be sent before the grand jury on the first or second day of the session, which will commence on the 22nd inst., and if true bills should be returned by the grand jury, a writ of *habeas corpus* will then be obtained, and he will be brought up for trial. Since the termination of the case at Guildford, it appears that the advisers of the heir-at-law, Richard Roupell, have not adopted any active proceedings against other parties who had purchased portions of the property from the prisoner, and it is said that no further steps will be taken until the charges of forgery shall have been disposed of. It would seem from inquiries that have since been made, that in every case the different estates disposed of were absolutely alienated by sale, and in almost every instance the purchase appeared to have been satisfied with the title of William Roupell. In some of them, however, it appeared that the solicitors for the purchasers took the precaution of requiring that Mrs. Roupell, the mother of the prisoner, should be a party to the conveyance of the property, and that she should also guarantee the title, and in all those cases, if the heir-at-law should recover possession, there will be a personal remedy against her. Some of the parties who have purchased portions of the property are placed in a very painful and unpleasant position in consequence of the discoveries that have taken place. In one instance where a sum of £12,000, that had been left by a professional gentleman, and which was the proceeds of a long course of honourable exertion, for the benefit of his family, the parties are now unable to obtain any rents, and are, of course, liable to be called upon at any moment to defend an action of ejectment. In several other cases, also, where the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company had made agreements to purchase the property they required for their extension through the parish of Christ Church, they have refused to complete until they can obtain a more secure title than the one that could, under existing circumstances, be granted by the present holders of the property, so that the greatest possible doubt and uncertainty exists in reference to the question among all the parties who are involved in this most extraordinary affair.

SINGULAR CAREER OF A YOUNG NOBLEMAN.

BYRON NOEL, VISCOUNT OCKHAM, died at Wimbledon-hill, from the rupture of a blood-vessel, at the early age of six-and-twenty years. This young nobleman was the elder of the two sons of the Earl of Lovelace. His mother was Ada, late Countess of Lovelace, a lady of hereditary interest far beyond the narrow pale of the peerage roll, as the only child of the poet Byron, the very *da* whom Lord Byron so feelingly apostrophised in one of the most passionate of his poems. His grandmother was the amiable and ill-starred wife of the proud and haughty poet-lord, whose death was chronicled little more than two years ago. Those who have sojourned in the neighbourhood of Ripley and Guildford are aware that since the death of Ada, Countess of Lovelace, the proud towers of East Horseley have not held the heir apparent to the titles of his father and of his grandmother, but, it is said, the latter has been well contented to earn his daily bread as an artisan by the sweat of his brow in a dockyard not a hundred miles from Blackwall. Young Lord Ockham at an early age entered the Royal Navy, but left it after a few months' service. The next that we hear of him is as a common sailor; for it is a fact that, though the eldest son of a peer of the realm, he went out to America in a merchant vessel, working his way before the mast. Tired of his newly-adapted profession, the young lord assumes a new character, and next turns up a common workman in the shipyard of Mr. Scott Russell, in the Isle of Dogs, where he took his wages week by week along with his plebeian brethren. It was rumoured—and we know not whether the rumour be true or false—that whilst working in the dockyard he had linked his fortunes with those of a young woman of the humbler classes, but of most respectable character. If this be so, the lass from Blackwall, or Stepney, or Poplar, is now a peeress of England. The late millwright at Blackwall was not only the eldest son of a peer, but had been for the last two years a peer of the realm in his own right, having succeeded to the Barony of Wentworth on the death of his grandmother in the summer of 1860.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON'S STUDENT DAYS.

THE commemorative banquet of the old pupils of the St. Anne public school at Augsburg took place a few days ago. The local *Gazette* publishes an autograph letter of the Emperor Napoleon, who from 1821 to 1823 was a pupil in the school. The Emperor, in order to testify the sympathy he took in the *fête*, also sent 100 bottles of champagne to the guests, and a donation of 5,000*fr.* (£200) for the poor of the town. The following is the text of the Emperor's letter:—

"St. Cloud August 30, 1862.

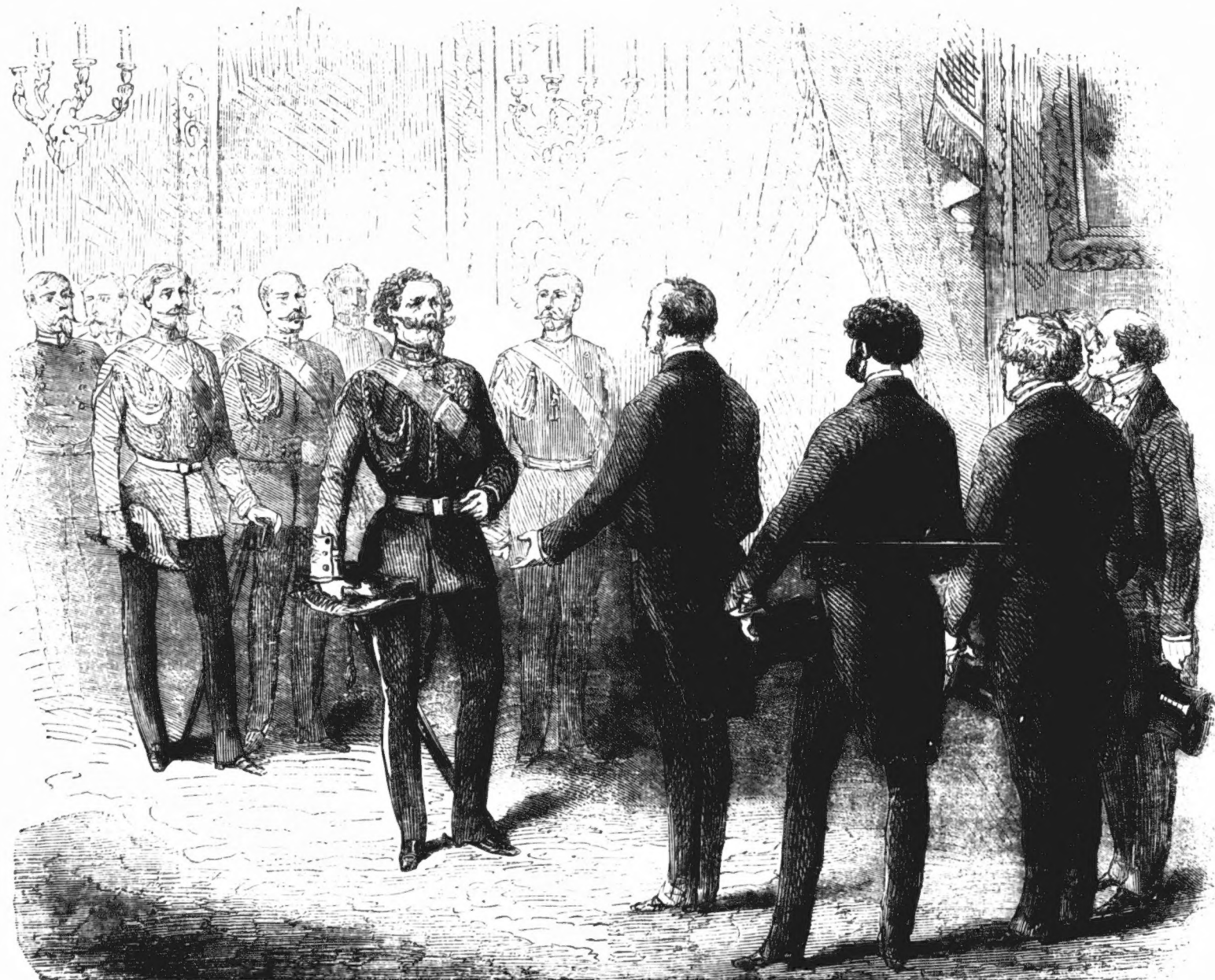
"Monsieur le President,—I have heard with great interest of the intended meeting of the old pupils of the Lycee of Augsburg, who wish to celebrate by a banquet the remembrance of former years of studies passed together; and I desire, as an old schoolfellow, to take part in idea in that pleasing *fête*. I have never forgotten the time which I passed in Germany, where my mother found a noble hospitality, and where I enjoyed the first blessings of education. Exile supplies sad but useful experience; it teaches a knowledge of foreign nations, and an unprejudiced appreciation of their good qualities and of their value, and if we are afterwards fortunate enough to return to our native land, we nevertheless retain the most pleasing remembrance of the countries where we have passed our youth—a remembrance which endures in spite of time and political occupations. Your meeting gives me an opportunity of expressing these sentiments. Receive them as a proof of my lively sympathy, and of the consideration with which I am, yours affectionately,

"NAPOLEON."

After reading the letter the President delivered a few expressions of gratitude, and gave the toast of "Napoleon, our old schoolfellow," which was immediately transmitted by telegraph to St. Cloud.



THE ENGAGEMENT AT ASPROMONTE—CAPTURE OF GARIBALDI. (See page 770.)



THE ANNOUNCEMENT TO THE KING OF ITALY OF THE CAPTURE OF GARIBALDI. (See page 770.)

QUEEN VICTORIA IN GERMANY.

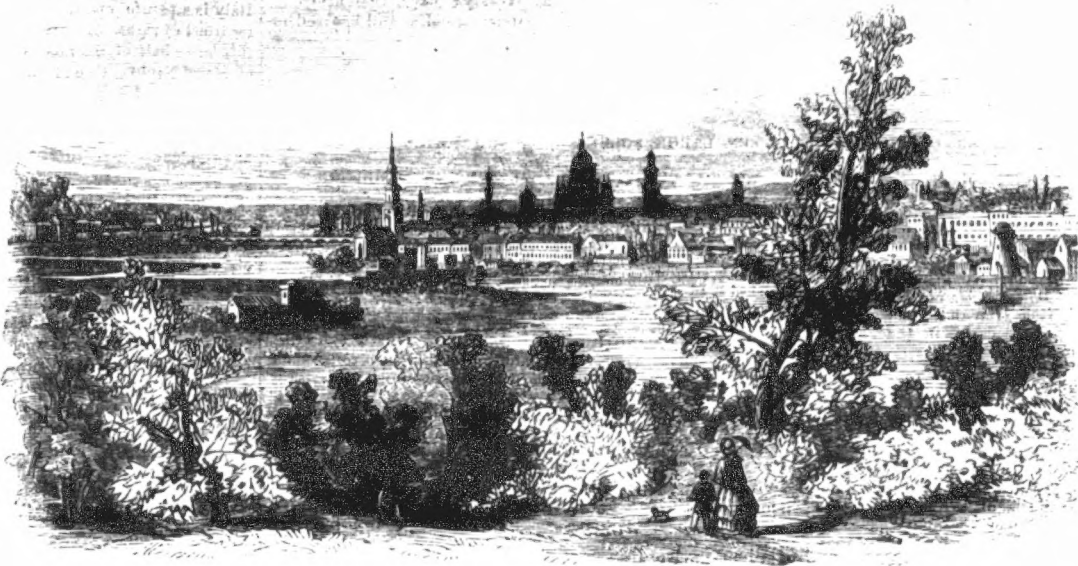
HER MAJESTY'S visit to the Continent will be found chronicled in another portion of our paper, but deeming it interesting to our subscribers to offer them, week by week during the Queen's stay abroad, sketches of the various localities she will honour with her presence, we now give views in the neighbourhood of Berlin, first of which is a general view of Potsdam; it is situated at the confluence of the Havel with the Havel, on an island formed by the two rivers, a canal and lake seventeen miles S.W. of Berlin. Potsdam has been appropriately termed the Versailles of Prussia. It is a favourite royal residence, the elector Frederick William having selected it for a residence, since which it has received vast improvements from successive monarchs. The second woodcut represents Charlottenburg.

The third represents the new Palace at Potsdam, situated at a distance of about three miles from Berlin. The road thither passes through the Brandenburg-gate, and forms a long, straight avenue through the Thiergarten, bordered as it approaches Charlottenburg by many country houses, occupied by the more wealthy inhabitants of Berlin. Charlottenburg itself is a small village on the Spree, consisting chiefly of villas and taverns, the summer residence of the rich, as well as the summer resort of the humbler classes from Berlin. The palace (schloss) was built by Frederick I., who married an English princess, Sophia Charlotte, daughter of George I., which accounts for the English aspect of its interior. Many rooms are furnished with taste and considerable magnificence. There are here several good pieces of sculpture, as, for instance, a head of Christ, by Rauch.

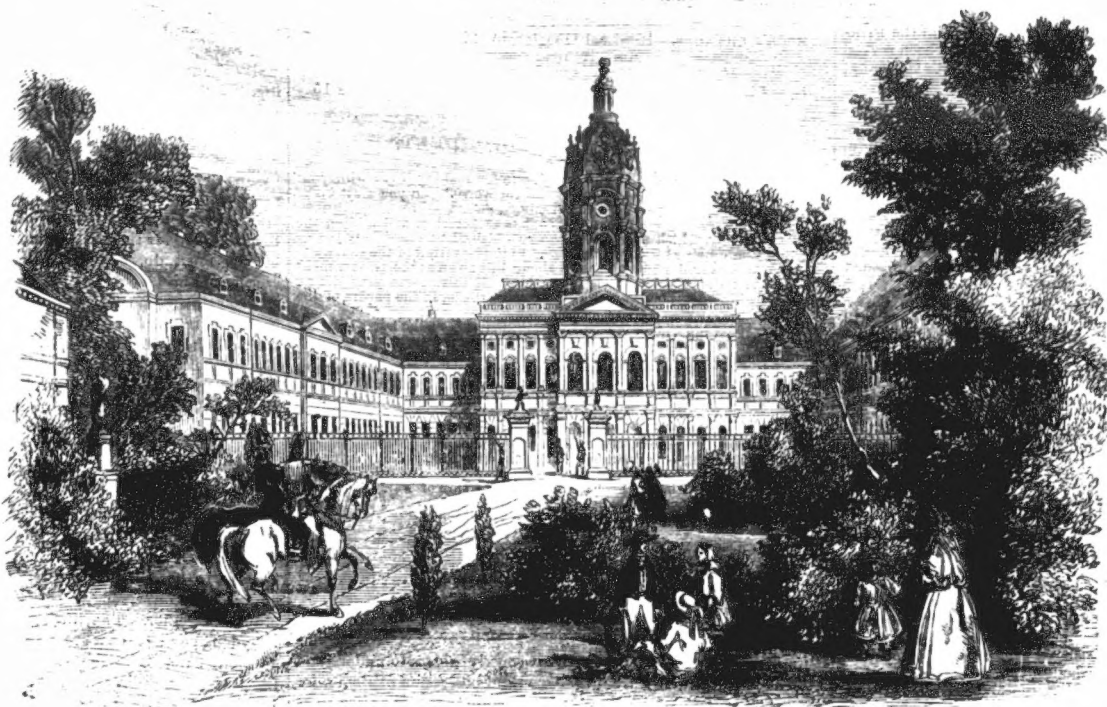
The gardens behind the palace are open to the public. The entrance to them is through the beautiful orangery, at the extremity of which is the theatre, where the Berlin Company performs generally twice a week in summer. The gardens, like similar gardens in the environs of London, are the great resort of Sunday strollers from Berlin. They are tastefully laid out, varied by the windings of the Spree, and by sheets of water, abounding in carp of large size and great age. Visitors are in the habit of feeding them with crumbs, and collect them by the ringing of a bell, at the sound of which the fish may be seen, in shoals, popping their noses out of the water.

The principal object of attraction at Charlottenburg is the monument of Louisa Queen of Prussia, the most beautiful and amiable, though unfortunate princess of her day. She is buried within a small Doric temple, at the extremity of a shady walk, in a retired nook of the garden. The monument is shown to visitors, and is allowed to be the masterpiece of Rauch. The figure of the Queen reposes on a marble sarcophagus. It is spoken of by all travellers as a form and face of the most exquisite beauty, but at the same time a most perfect resemblance.

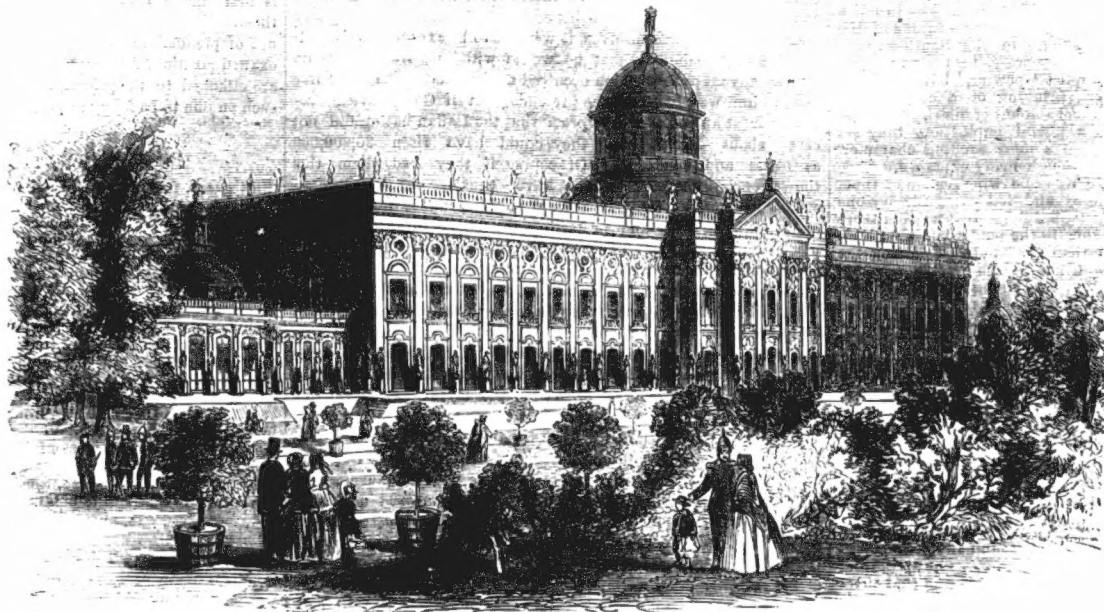
In the course of the autumn, generally in the month of September, a grand review of the garrison takes place in the neighbourhood of Berlin; 25,000 troops are sometimes collected, and the manoeuvres last several days. These field manoeuvres usually take place between Charlottenburg, Spandau and Potsdam.



GENERAL VIEW OF POTSDAM.



VIEW OF CHARLOTTENBURG.



NEW PALACE AT POTSDAM.

A TRIP TO THE SKIES.

MR. GLAISHER and Mr. Coxwell recently made a scientific balloon ascent from Wolverhampton. The exact time of the descent was 20 minutes past three o'clock. When the voyagers reached the clouds they found a dense mass of moisture, which was 2,000ft in thickness. These clouds contained as much moisture as they could hold. Having shot through this, they found above them a beautiful clear blue sky, with the mass of clouds floating below. This was at an elevation of about a mile and three quarters, after which no clouds were perceptible. At an elevation of three miles the first pigeon was thrown out of the car. It could not fly, and dropped as heavily as a stone. A second was then thrown out, when the same result was observable. A third attempted to fly, but failed, and shared the fate of the previous two. At four miles high a fourth pigeon was thrown out. This was more fortunate, succeeding in effecting a lodgment on the top of the balloon, but it was not known what afterwards became of it. The two remaining pigeons were brought down in the car, when one was found to be dead and the other nearly so. This last, when liberated, flew about in a short circle, and then alighted in Mr. Glaisher's hand. Eventually, however, it got away, and flew in the direction of Wolverhampton. At five miles' altitude symptoms of blindness were felt by Mr. Glaisher, whose last entry of the thermometer was minus 5, or 37 below the freezing point. He subsequently saw, but was unable to register, the barometer at 10 inches, which would indicate a height of five miles and a quarter. Mr. Glaisher then gradually became unconscious, and the last thing remembered by him was the dim outline of Mr. Coxwell's figure in the balloon. Mr. Coxwell remained, however, quite conscious, and the balloon ascended with great rapidity for ten minutes longer; and, according to Mr. Coxwell's reading, subsequently calculated by Mr. Glaisher, the aneroid indicated that they had attained a height of six miles. At this juncture great risk was encountered, for Mr. Coxwell now began to feel faint, and on attempting to effect a discharge of gas by pulling the valve string he found his hands had become powerless, and he was actually compelled to pull the valve-string with his teeth. The greatness of the risk at this height may be imagined when it is remembered that their safety depended entirely upon the little remaining consciousness of Mr. Coxwell, for Mr. Glaisher still remained in an unconscious state. Having at length effected a discharge of gas, the balloon began to descend, when Mr. Glaisher gradually recovered and resumed his reading of the instruments. In proof of the coldness experienced, it may be stated that a bottle of water was with difficulty kept from freezing by continual shaking; but on Mr. Coxwell's losing the use of his hands it immediately froze, and remained in that condition for more than an hour after reaching *terra firma*. Mr. Glaisher had wisely provided himself with gloves, but Mr. Coxwell, who had not taken that precaution, suffered the penalty of having his hands turned quite black, in which condition they remained until the earth was reached. The height attained during this ascent is quite unprecedented.

The Court.

THE return of her Majesty to England will be punctually at the expiration of six weeks from the day the last Privy Council was held. The Queen will return to Osborne, and will then hold a Privy Council there, for the further prorogation of Parliament.

—Court Journal.

THE Prince of Wales arrived at Woolwich from Buckingham Palace on Saturday, at ten minutes past two, and alighted at the T. pier. From the strict privacy of the proceedings, few persons had assembled on the spot, not exceeding twenty in number. None of the garrison authorities nor the officials of the arsenal were in attendance. The Prince was accompanied by Major Knollys, Colonel the Hon. Sir Charles Phipps, and Lieutenant-Colonel Keppel. His Royal Highness was received on board the Osborne by the Commander, Mr. Bower, in full uniform. The baggage, which had arrived about an hour previously in a couple of fourgons, was already on board, and in about twenty minutes after the Prince's arrival, the Osborne was under way. Before leaving Woolwich, Master-Commander Bower received a special mark of the Prince's recognition of his past services by the reception of a full-dress sword and belt presented by his Royal Highness. The sword is superbly mounted in solid silver gilt, and bears the following inscription:—"Presented to G. H. R. Bower, R.N., of her Majesty's yacht Osborne, by Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, in memory of his attention during his Royal Highness's cruise in the East, in 1862."

THE Prince of Wales was entertained on Monday at a grand *déjeuner* given at the Palace of Brussels, and in the afternoon visited the principal points of attraction in the city. In the course of the day the prince and Princess Christian of Denmark, with the Princess Alexandra, the lady destined for the hand of the Prince of Wales, arrived, and after an official reception, accompanied the Prince in his inspection of the city.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the Prince Christian, and the Princesses Alexandra and Maria of Denmark, and the Duke and Duchess of Brabant rode on horseback on Wednesday afternoon on the Boulevards of the city. The royal party were everywhere received with acclamations by the people.

THE *Journal de Liège* (Belgium) of the 6th says:—"The Royal family of England, in travelling from Brussels to Gotha, passed through the station at Veviers. A great number of persons had assembled at the station to witness the passage of Queen Victoria. The curtains of the royal carriage were raised, and for nearly a quarter of an hour every one could see the Queen, and the Princesses and Princes, her children. Refreshments having been served to the Royal family, the train afterwards went on towards Germany, the Queen saluting the people as she passed."

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO GERMANY.

PRINCE ALFRED is already with her Majesty at Reinhardtbrunn, Saxe-Coburg, having arrived from the fleet in the Baltic. The Crown Princess of Prussia will proceed to Reinhardtbrunn in a short time, as will also the Princess Louis of Hesse, and thus the whole of the Royal family will be assembled.

The suite in attendance on the Queen is so numerous that the Castle of Reinhardtbrunn is not sufficiently capacious to afford accommodation; for all, and in consequence, lodgings are provided for many persons in the neighbourhood.

An address has been presented to her Majesty by the Town Council of Coburg, thanking her Majesty for the support still accorded by her to the numerous charitable and other institutions of the town and neighbourhood, which found a liberal patron in the late Prince Consort.

DEATH OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

AFTER a long illness the Archbishop of Canterbury died at Addington, at ten minutes past three o'clock last Saturday morning. The late Archbishop was born at Kenilworth, of which parish his father was vicar in 1780, and was married in 1828 to the daughter of Captain George Robertson. She died six years afterwards. He was educated at Eton, and at King's College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1803. In the same year he was ordained by Dr. Douglas, Bishop of Salisbury. In 1817 he was appointed a fellow of Eton, and in the following year was presented by the College to the rectory of Mapledurham, near Reading, which he held until 1828, when he was presented to a canonry in Durham Cathedral. In 1828, on the removal of Bishop Blomfield to London, Dr. Sumner was appointed Bishop of Chester, and in 1848, on the death of Dr. Howley, was translated to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. His grace was one of the lords of her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, visitor of All Souls and Merton Colleges, Oxford; King's College, London, Dulwich College, St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, and of Harrow School, in connection with the Bishop of London; president of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and the National Society; a trustee of the British Museum and a Governor of the Charter House. He was the author of many theological works. The value of the archbishopric is £16,000 per annum with the patronage of 163 livings.

DESPERATE CONFLICT BETWEEN A MAN AND A DOG.

A FEW evenings ago a number of young men of a class in life a little above the labourer, were enjoying themselves in one of the shady bowers attached to a public-house in the South-eastern suburbs of Cork, and jovial fellows they were, for their beer was not going round in the ordinary quiet "pewter," but in gallons and half-gallons. Finding, after partaking of a considerable quantity of it, that it did not cause that amount of hilarity amongst them generally consequent upon a liberal imbibation, they set themselves to discover a pleasure of a more exciting character. That chosen was a wager, and although many offers were made and accepted by several, yet there was one which none of them seemed inclined to take a venture at, and that extraordinary one was a wager of five or six half-gallons of "Sir John's" that no man there would fight the watch-dog belonging to the public-house with no other means of defence or attack than his hands. Knowing the fierceness of the dog when aroused, none of them quickly accepted the offer. However, after some time, one young man, who fills a situation under a public company trading from this city, accepted the wager; and all preparations having been made, the dog was called out. The man began the sport by tantalising him, and the animal gradually growing maddened under the irritation, sprang at his assailant and seized him by the left hand. A struggle that was really fearful to witness then ensued. The dog is large and powerful, and the young man is of a robust frame and a determined disposition. Finding his left hand almost altogether in the animal's mouth, he caught him by the throat to try and make him loosen his grip, but in this he failed, for the dog only tightened his teeth on the hand until it was almost bitten through. He then released his grip, and attacked the man about the legs, on one of which he inflicted a deep and severe wound. The man caught the dog by both hands round the throat to try to strangle him, but the dog by sheer strength forced him upon the ground and commenced biting him about the hands in a fearful manner. The spectators seeing that the "game" had proceeded far enough, and that there was danger of the man being killed, rescued him from the infuriated animal. He had in the encounter received about seventeen wounds, one of which is of a dangerous character, while the dog came off almost unscathed. —Cork Constitution.

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THE STROLLERS. Illustrated by F. GILBERT.

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NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.

Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed to the Editor of the "Illustrated Weekly News," 25, Wellington-street, Strand, London, when they will be noticed in our next.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

D.	D.	ANNIVERSARIES.	H. W. L. B.	
			A. M.	P. M.
13	S		4 55	5 0
14	S	13th Sunday after Trinity.	5 20	5 35
15	M	Duke of Wellington died 1852.	5 55	6 15
16	T	Buck-hunting ends.	6 35	7 5
17	W		7 30	8 10
18	T	King George I. landed.	8 50	9 35
19	F		10 15	10 55

MOON'S CHANGES.—16—Last Quarter 4h. 22m. a.m.

SUNDAY LESSONS.

Morning. Evening.
14.—2 Kings, 19; Matthew 15. 11.—2 Kings, 23; Romans 15

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A HUSBAND.—You cannot punish your wife for making away with your property. You married her "for better, for worse," and you must make the best of the worst part of your bargain.

A B.—Letters may be addressed to convicts as per ship, and adding the date of sailing, which particulars can be obtained at the county jail or prison where he was tried. If enclosed to the Governor of the Colony to which he was sent, and his present abode be known at the Government office, the letter will be forwarded to him. If this course produces no result within one year you may resort to advertising in the papers of the colony.

INDIAN.—There are sixteen annas to an Indian rupee: the latter is worth 1s. 11d.

NEED.—Duplicates of all wills proved in India are deposited in the East India House. Wills made and proved in India must also be proved in England, if they relate to personality in England, and that either in the proper Diocesan Court or the Prerogative Court of the Archbishop of Canterbury, or according to the situation in which the property is situate.

B. EPPING.—A husband is not bound to support a wife who voluntarily, and without reasonable cause, deserts him.

STEPHEN (Lambeth).—Sir Frederick Pollock and Sir Fitzroy Kelly defended Frost, Williams, and Jones.

YOUNG HARRY.—Marines are soldiers on board a ship of war. They perform none of the duties of sailors. They are trained to fight both at sea and on land, and are the most gallant troops the country possesses.

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1862.

THE French Emperor ought to be properly given to understand that he must withdraw from the wrongful possession of Rome, for the considerations stated above. If he refused he ought to be compelled. Compliance should be enforced. He ought not to be above the public law in the world. He ought not to be permitted to violate the great principle of non-intervention with impunity. He ought not to be suffered to trample under his feet, at once the rights of nations and the rights of Governments. Regal sovereignty no less than popular sovereignty is ignored and set aside by the Emperor Napoleon's aggressive interference in Italy and lawless occupation of Rome. This is the whole case, considering that it is obviously the French Emperor's intention, if he can, to hold Rome and make Italy subservient to his ends at all hazards, and by any means that present themselves, it was not to be expected, as a calculation of probabilities, that he would withdraw from Rome on such an advent as that which occurred at Aspromonte. One course open to him was, to set up the pretence, that if Garibaldi's movement was at an end it was a proof that the Italian nation did not care about Rome; else they could have risen 25,000,000 *en masse* and taken it. Of course if they had done this the French Emperor would have equally made that an excuse to send an army of 200,000 soldiers, under the pretence of maintaining order and protecting the Pope—in reality, to get possession of Italy. The wild beast who, in his hunting copartnership with a weaker animal, wanted the whole booty for himself, and had the power to take it, was at no loss for pretexts. There was always the unanswerable one—"I am the lion." When he had one share by virtue of his right, he took the other in virtue of his might. Of course there is no plausible excuse for the occupation of Rome now. There never was any valid excuse for it. The French Emperor had never any business there since his Government began. But as he is determined to remain there, it matters little what pretext he puts forth, or whether he puts forth any at all. Let us look at another of these pretexts, pretences so frivolous and peculiar that they really seem as if they were intended as sly jokes to see how far human credulity may be imposed upon. It would appear that the French Emperor has either instructed or permitted the priests to frighten the Empress into the belief that if the pretended protection of the Pope be withdrawn, by the removal of the French army from Rome, something will happen to her adopted child; or it may be that the Imperial devotee, real or pretended, is enacting a part in the political drama. Real fanatics sometimes turn their superstition to a profit, and make it serve their

ends; or the ends of those it is their interest or their pleasure, or their caprice to serve. Be that as it may, the qualms of conscience on the part of the Empress are put forth as a reason for continuing that violation of public morality and public law which consists in the unjust and iniquitous possession of Rome—in what is, in plain English, nothing else but a colossal robbery and fraud. The moral of the French Emperor's Italian policy and of recent events in Italy is a painful one. It is, that among Governments, might is regarded as right, and successful fraud is tolerated just as much in this latter half of the nineteenth century as it was up to the time of Macchiavelli. One of the most flagrant contradictions between the interests of a dynasty, and the interests and will of a nation, is presented by the conduct of the Sardinian dynasty since it has succeeded to the sovereignty of Italy. A more arrant piece of mere vulgar self-seeking was never exhibited. Louis Napoleon has at last sought to satisfy, and even pamper, the ruling passion of France—the mania for military glory. But Victor Emmanuel has sought nothing but a barren extension of territory for himself. He seems to have cared for nothing but his own vulgar interests and his own pleasures. He knows that the aspirations of universal Italy centre in the unity, the autonomy, the independence, the freedom of Italy, perfect and complete, with Rome for the capital. Yet he not merely does not get these aspirations embodied in fact, but actually thwarts and opposes them, in obedience to a foreign Power who is notoriously using him as a vassal and a tool. If Louis Napoleon has enslaved France, he has at least made her respected by other nations. He has consulted her military glory. He will let nobody insult and oppress her but himself. But Victor Emmanuel turns his army against the nation, at the bidding of Louis Napoleon, because the Italian people would make themselves and him independent of an alien usurper.

Who is to succeed the Archbishop of Canterbury, and who is to succeed his successor? A bishop in these days ought to be a man of sense as well as a man of learning; he ought to have general information, wide sympathies, benevolence, and liberality. There is still more that he ought not to have and to be. He ought not to be a man who wants to be a bishop, who lays himself out for it, who cultivates his interest, who has his eye on the bishop makers, and walks about with the irrepressible consciousness of an undeveloped dignity. That a man should be talked of for a primacy or a bishopric, except when the public eye cannot but rest on him for a moment, ought to be fatal to his "pretensions." Aspirants are the curse of a church, which they only invade to amass fortunes, to found families, and do all that is contrary to a Christian profession. A real man is wanted in these days. He must have a head, and he must have a heart, or he will soon be found out by any diocese in this country. If there is not much that a bishop, and even an archbishop, must do, there is much that he may do, for he may sacrifice himself wholly to the natural calls of his duty. But something, too, of genius, of political skill, and even originality, is wanted in our times. That there remains much to be done in the Church is proved, not only by the patent facts of the case, but also by the number of Bills for Church purposes introduced into Parliament only to be postponed from one session to another. There is the question of Church Rates to be settled some way or other. The mode of dealing with clerical offences, whether of a theological or of a moral character, is so unsatisfactory as to lead new surprise every time. The process itself is a mystery to most people. The metropolis and the great towns want opening to the legitimate efforts of good Churchmen, who wish to do something more than pay annual guineas to annual visitors, with cards, books, pen, ink, and half-filled receipts. There is work to be done, and hearts and hands ready to do it, but a miracle has to be wrought before the work and the hands can be brought together. The life or death of an Archbishop has assuredly long ceased to be a great affair of State. A modern prince can no more be a Lanfranc than a modern king can be a Rufus. Lambeth Palace is the seat of a very limited monarchy. The Lollard's Tower is scarcely more monumental than the throne in the Cathedral of Canterbury. The secular power has departed from the archiepiscopal sceptre, and the worldly dignity that remains is much in excess of the spiritual authority. The supremacy of law has overtopped the prerogative of prelate, and the love of private judgment proved too strong for reverence of hierarchical rank. Time and opinion have reduced to little more than a splendid sinecure what was once the second place in the kingdom, and is still the highest in the Church. The Archbishop is first among peers, spiritual and temporal, but not lord over them. His rights and responsibilities are those of pre-eminence, not of predominance. But, nevertheless, a man who fills such an exalted position, who enjoys such a large income and patronage, and are attached to the primacy, should be a man of mark. Where is such an one to be found at present on the bench of bishops?

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THE great fact of the present week is the retirement of M. Veillard, the French refreshment contractor, under stress of financial difficulties, and the succession of Mr. Morrish, his English compeer, to the vacant presidency over roast, boiled, and baked. The cause of this downfall will become tolerably clear when the affairs of the unfortunate French contractor are submitted to the scrutiny of the Court of Bankruptcy. An insufficient acquaintance with English markets, English tastes, and English ways of doing business is at present alleged as the chief reason, and certainly too, appearance it would seem a very sufficient one. A preliminary examination of M. Veillard's affairs, however, has brought to light a cause which, if it has not actually brought about the fatal crash, has no doubt materially contributed to the rapidity of the descent. It would seem that a certain honourable gentleman has been levying a weekly sum on M. Veillard's returns in the shape of hotel money for the entire term of his administration, the accumulated amount of which forms a very considerable sum. The grand object of this charge was, we believe, the interest exerted by the honourable gentleman in question to obtain the contract of M. Veillard.

A CENTENARIAN.—Mr. Robert Davy, a retired merchant, of Countess Weir, near Exeter, died a day or two ago, within a few weeks of a hundred years of age. He was a sterling Liberal in days when that term was much more of a reproach to a man than it is at present, and in his business and in every relation of life he was singularly energetic, very benevolent, and useful.

"London Colon."

ITS STREETS.—ITS HOUSES AND ITS PEOPLE.—ITS ODD SCENES AND STRANGE CHARACTERS.—ITS MYSTERIES, MISERIES, AND SPLENDOURS.—ITS SAD MEMORIES AND COMIC PHASES.
BY THE HERMIT OF EXETER CHANGE.

NO. 16.—CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

THIS Hospital which has been termed the "noblest institution in the world," was founded by the boy King, Edward the Sixth. The account which has been transmitted to us of the motives which impelled the youthful monarch to found this Hospital is highly interesting.

Dr. Ridley, Bishop of London, came and preached before the King's Majesty at Westminster. In the course of his sermon, the reverend preacher made a fruitful and goodly exhortation to the rich to be merciful to the poor. He also strove to move such as were in authority to make use of their means in order to comfort and relieve the poor and the needy. The young King was so impressed with the discourse that he could not rest until some plan had been devised by which the condition of the poor might be ameliorated. He sent for the good bishop immediately after the service, thanked him for his admirable sermon, and requested to hear his opinion as to the most effectual plan for the permanent relief of the miserables with which London abounded. The bishop advised that the Lord Mayor and aldermen of the City should be consulted and co-operated with in the matter. Edward assented to the suggestion, and there and then gave the bishop a letter with the royal signet and sign manual to the Lord Mayor. This letter was delivered on that same evening. The Lord Mayor, Sir Richard Dobbs, took up the idea as heartily as either King Edward or Bishop Ridley. Next day the bishop dined with his lordship and the proposal for the poor having been well digested, a very comprehensive and business-like plan was soon laid before the King. According to this plan, the poor were divided into three classes:—1. The poor by helplessness, consisting principally of orphans, the aged, blind, and lame, and lepers. 2. The poor by casualty, comprising the wounded soldier, the decayed housekeeper, and diseased persons. 3. The thriftless poor, including "the rioter that consumeth all," the vagabond that will abide in no place, and the idle person, as strumpets and others.

Such were the people for whom provision was now to be made. For the last-mentioned class Bridewell was prepared; the hospitals of St. Thomas and St. Bartholomew, for the second (the decayed housekeeper being relieved at home); whilst as to the first, the leper having been housed in proper places so as to keep out of the City, and from clapping of dishes and ringing of bells, the mode in which these unhappy creatures were accustomed to call attention to their wants, and the poor having been accommodated in an almshouse belonging originally to the Priory of St. Mary Overie, there remained only the destitute children to provide for. These, however, were the largest and most important section, and for these destitute children was set apart the most memorable of the old religious houses of London, namely, the Grey Friars. This was the place chosen by the young Edward for the purposes of the new Hospital.

Since the Reformation in the reign of King Edward's father, the Grey Friars had fallen into a state of decay. But the citizens of London animated by Edward's zeal, speedily restored the place to a fit condition, and in six months' time, three hundred and forty children were admitted into the old monastic walls. They were then clothed in a livery of russet cotton, which was soon changed, for the garb that with some trifling alterations they still wear. In June, 1553, the children, with the corporation at their head, were received in that same palace, where in but a few months before Edward and Ridley had held their memorable conversation, and the charter of the incorporation of the different hospitals before mentioned was delivered by the gratified King. An excellent description of the scene has been preserved by the great painter, Holbein, who, no doubt was an eye witness of the ceremony. The painting commemorative of the event, yet hangs in the great hall of Christ's Hospital. In this interesting picture we see the young monarch in an easy, natural, and dignified position, sitting on an elevated throne in a scarlet and ermine robe, holding the sceptre in his left hand, and presenting with the other the charter to the kneeling Lord Mayor. By his side stands the Chancellor, holding the seals, and other officers of State. Bishop Ridley, who is a prominent figure, kneels before the King, with uplifted hands, as if supplicating a blessing on the event, whilst the aldermen, &c., with the Lord Mayor kneel on both sides, occupying the middle ground of the picture; citizens stand behind them; and lastly, in front are a double row of boys on one side, and of girls on the other.

Small by degrees and beautifully less, from the master and matron down to the boy and girl who have stepped forward from their respective rows, and kneel with raised hands before the King.

Benefactions soon flowed in from different quarters to the support of the infant establishment. One of the most liberal patrons of Christ's Hospital was Sir Richard Dobbs, the first President, and the man who had so laudably exerted himself in the year of his majority in carrying out the king's wishes. The memory of this good man is preserved to the Hospital by means of a portrait, with the following inscription:—

"Christ's Hospital erected was a passing deed of pity,
What time Sir Richard Dobbs was Mayor of this most famous City,
Who careful was in government, and furthered much the same;
Also a benefactor good, and joyful to see it frame,
Whose portrait here his friends have set to put each right in mind,
To imitate his virtuous deeds, as God has us assigned."

These lines, if they do not give us a high opinion of the poetical aptitudes of the citizens of London, at all events testify to their ability to appreciate the virtues of a good man and most estimable Lord Mayor. This most famous Hospital stands off Newgate-street, City. Its magnificent hall is visible through the iron railings from the street. There are few places in London where visitors may be more frequently observed to stand and enjoy the scene before them, than by those large gates which span the opening in Newgate-street, revealing the splendid hall, the spacious playground, and the countless throngs of bare-headed, blue-gowned, yellow-stockinged boys who are making the enclosed area resound with their boisterous mirth. On account of the peculiar and not either graceful or comfortable dress of the boys, Christ's Hospital is commonly called the "Blue Coat School." The dress is a blue coat or gown, a yellow petticoat, a red leather girdle round the waist, yellow stockings, a clergyman's band round the neck, and a flat, black cap of woollen yarn about the size of a saucer.

The present hall had its first stone laid by the Duke of York, April 28, 1825, and was publicly opened May 29, 1829. The two chief classes in the school are called Grecians and Deputy-Grecians. In the great hall, every year, on St. Matthew's day, the Grecians deliver a series of orations before the Mayor, Corporation, and governors, and here, every Sunday, from Quinquagesima Sunday to Easter Sunday inclusive, the "Suppings in Public," as they are called, are held. These are always a picturesque sight, and always well attended. Each governor has a certain number of tickets to give away. The bowing to the governors and procession of the trades is extremely curious.

The governors consist, first of the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and two common council men, chosen by the other members of the common council; and secondly, of tradesmen and gentlemen of all ranks, who become benefactors to the amount of not less than £100; these elect for life an alderman as president, in whom is vested the chief direction of affairs. The rights of presentation are thus exercised:—The Lord Mayor annually nominates two children, and

the president three (this includes their rights as aldermen); each alderman one, the treasurer two, besides his occasional one as governor; lastly, the governors fill up the remaining vacancies by rotation. The principal qualifications required on the part of the children are that they be not less than seven nor more than ten years of age; that they be neither foundlings nor maintained at the parish charge; that they have been born in wedlock; that they are free from any infectious distempers or incurable disease; and that their parents have no adequate means of maintaining and educating them. The admission of children, and the ordinary routine of the affairs of the Hospital, are managed by a numerous committee of governors, meeting once a month in the court-room, or in the treasurer's-room adjoining. The officers of the Hospital comprise four classical masters, two writing masters, and two ushers, mathematical, drawing, and singing masters in the schools, chief and assistant clerks, stewards and matrons, nurses, headles, &c., &c.

Respecting the number of boys attending at Christ's Hospital, it may be stated that the three hundred and forty children, with whom the Hospital opened in 1553, had in 1580 dwindled down to one hundred and fifty. Now, however, there are above twelve hundred boys on the foundation in London and Hertford, and seventy girls. Formerly girls, as well as boys, were educated at the Christ's Hospital; now girls are admitted only into the branch school at Hertford.

Christ's Hospital, like Westminster School, had its famous flogging master. What Busby was to the latter, Boyer was to the former. Coleridge, who was educated at the "Blue Coat School," has told and said some very amusing things about the flogging propensities and performances of Mr. Boyer. "The discipline at Christ's Hospital," says Coleridge, "in my time was ultra-Spartan; all domestic affections were to be put aside. 'Boy! I remember Boyer saying to me once, when I was crying, the first day of return after the holidays, 'Boy, the school is your father! Boy, the school is your mother! Boy, the school is your brother! the school is your sister! the school is your first cousin and your second cousin, and all the rest of your relations! Let's have no more crying.' When Coleridge heard of the death of his old master, he said, 'It was fortunate that the cherubins, who took him to heaven, had no bottoms but only faces and wings, or else old Boyer would have infallibly flogged them by the way.' Let us be thankful that, though such pedagogues as Busby and Boyer have become extinct, and flogging gone out of fashion, the efficiency of our schools, public and private have in no respect diminished."

THE NAVAL AND MILITARY CELEBRITIES IN THE AMERICAN WAR.

THE most prominent figure in the admirable engraving our artist has this week presented to the readers of the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS, of the principal Confederate and Federal leaders, is that of General Winfield Scott. General Scott is a soldier of the old school, and at the commencement of the present war, was considered the best officer, and the highest military authority of the Republic. As Minister of War, he, however, broke down, and is now completely shelved. General Scott is descended of Scotch ancestry, and was born about the year 1790. During the second war between England and America in 1812, Scott, then an officer in the army, was made prisoner by the English, and was exchanged in 1813. He immediately rejoined the American army, captured Fort George, and gained two victories at Chippewa and Niagara. From that time till the year 1847, he was engaged in several slight military operations, all of which he brought to successful conclusions. In 1847 he took command of the army destined to invade Mexico, captured the castle of Vera Cruz, and fought his way forward till he entered the capital of Mexico. General Beauregard, the Confederate leader, served under Scott during the Mexican war.

General McClellan, or, as his American admirers once foolishly styled him, "the young Napoleon" is a soldier by profession. He is about thirty-four years of age, and educated at the military academy at West Point, was sent by the American Government to report on the operations of the allied armies in the Crimea, and before the outbreak of the civil war, was employed as engineer to one of the chief railway lines in America. After the defeat of McDowell at Bull's Run, McClellan, who gained some slight advantages over the Confederates, was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate army; as such he organised the "great army of the Potomac," intended, but apparently not destined, to capture Richmond. He was first superseded as Commander-in-Chief by President Lincoln himself, and subsequently by General Halleck.

General Halleck, the Commander-in-Chief of the Federal army, is of Quaker origin; about forty years of age, and was educated at the military school of West Point. He has the reputation of being a first-class officer, but has not, as yet, given proof of military capacity sufficient to justify this high estimate made of his ability. He was completely outwitted by Beauregard, who kept Halleck's army occupied before Corinth, whilst the Confederate forces quietly evacuated that city, and reinforced the main army at Richmond.

General Beauregard is one of the most distinguished of the Confederate commanders. He is of French origin, was at West Point with McClellan, and about the same age as that general. Beauregard is considered a first-rate strategist. It was his head that planned the ambush into which the Federal army fell at Bull's Run, when, finding itself surrounded by masked batteries, it made a disastrous and precipitate retreat upon Washington.

General Stonewall Jackson is certainly the most dashing commander the civil war has yet produced. He is said to be a very religious man, and, like our own Cromwell, encourages psalm singing, and other devotional practices in his army. But Jackson, like Cromwell, can fight as well as pray, as the Federals know to their cost. More than once, after defeating the Union troops, Jackson has threatened Washington itself, and caused no inconsiderable amount of terror to its inhabitants. The *Savannah News* publishes the following interesting sketch of General Jackson:—"There you see self-command, perseverance, indomitable will, that seems neither to know nor think of any earthly obstacle; and all this without the least admixture of vanity, assumption, pride, foolishness, or anything of the kind. His face, expresses courage in the highest degree, and his physiognomical developments indicate a vast amount of energy and activity. His forehead is broad and prominent; eyes expressing a singular union of mildness, energy, and concentration; cheek and nose both long and well formed. His dress is a common grey suit of faded cassimere, coat, pants, and hat—the coat slightly braided on the sleeve, just enough to be perceptible, the collar displaying the mark of a major-general. Of his gait, it is sufficient to say that he just goes along, not a particle of the strut, the military swagger, turkey-gobbler parade, so common among officers of small rank and smaller minds. It would be a profitable study for some of our military swells to devote one hour each day to the contemplation of the magnificent plainness of 'Stonewall.' To military fame, which they can never hope to attain, he unites the simplicity of a child with the straightforwardness of a Western farmer. On last Sunday he was dressed as above, and bestrode as common a horse as one could find in a summer day. There may be those who would be less struck with his appearance as thus accoutred than if bedizened with lace and holding the reins of a magnificent barb caparisoned and harnessed for glorious war; but to one who had seen him, as I had, at Cold Harbour and Malvern Hill, in the rain of steel and the blaze of the deathlights of the battle-field, when nothing less than a mountain would serve as a breastwork against the 36-inch shells which heaved and struck through the sickly air, General Jackson in tatters would be the same here as General Jackson in gilded uniform. In my simple view he is a nonpareil—he is without a peer."

General McDowell, commanded the Federals at Bull's Run, but after that disaster he was reduced to the rank of Divisional General.

General Butler is by profession a lawyer, but shortly after the outbreak of the civil war obtained a high military post. He commanded the army that captured New Orleans, which city was abandoned by the Confederate General Lovell. Butler's proclamation, ordering all females who displayed Southern sympathies, to be treated as women of the town, aroused the indignation of the civilised world, and branded the name of its author with eternal infamy.

General Wool is a very old officer of the regular Federal army. He has occupied during the war the important post of commandant of Fort Monroe.

General Fremont is better known as a Californian explorer than as a soldier. Although he has obtained the command of an army, the general has not yet distinguished himself.

General Burnside is said to be an able man, and commands an army which has reinforced that under Halleck.

President Lincoln entertains a very high opinion of General Banks, and believes him to be one of the best officers in the Federal army.

Generals Sigel and Rosecrantz are generals fighting under the Federal banner.

Generals Corcoran and Meagher are Irish. The first is the person who, when the Prince of Wales was in America, refused to turn out with his company of militia to do him honour. The general was captured at the head of his regiment at Bull's Run, and remained until lately a prisoner at Richmond. General Meagher is the celebrated exile, transported for his complicity in the Irish outbreak of 1848. Meagher is about thirty-three years of age, and is said to have fought gallantly for the Federal cause.

Captain Wilkes is the hero of the Trent business, since which "untoward event," he has been actively employed by the Federal Government.

Commodore Farragut and Dupont are the principal naval commanders on the Federal side. The former distinguished himself by forcing a passage for his fleet up to New Orleans in defiance of the formidable batteries erected by the Confederates.

General Curtis is an Englishman in the Federal service. Sherman is a Federal artillery officer of distinction. Mansfield and Hunter have also been employed in important operations against the Confederates.

The Confederate Generals Lee and John Morgan, are men of great energy, enterprise, and daring. The former directed the successful defence of Richmond against McClellan; and the latter, at the head of an unattached force, has done brilliant and good service to the Confederate cause. In fact, Morgan is the Garibaldi of the Confederates. He apparently acts independent of orders from head quarters, and frequently makes his appearance in places where his arrival is least anticipated. General Morgan evidently relishes a joke, for the other day, he wrote to one of his federal friends in Washington the following laconic summary of his exploits:—"Just completed my tour through Kentucky—captured seventeen cities, destroyed millions of dollars' worth of United States' property. Passed through your county, but regret not seeing you. We paroled 1,500 Federal prisoners." Your old friend, "John H. Morgan, Commanding Brigade. Hon. George W. Duple, Washington City." This dashing officer, has just defeated the Federals, made 300 prisoners, and captured the Federal General Johnson.

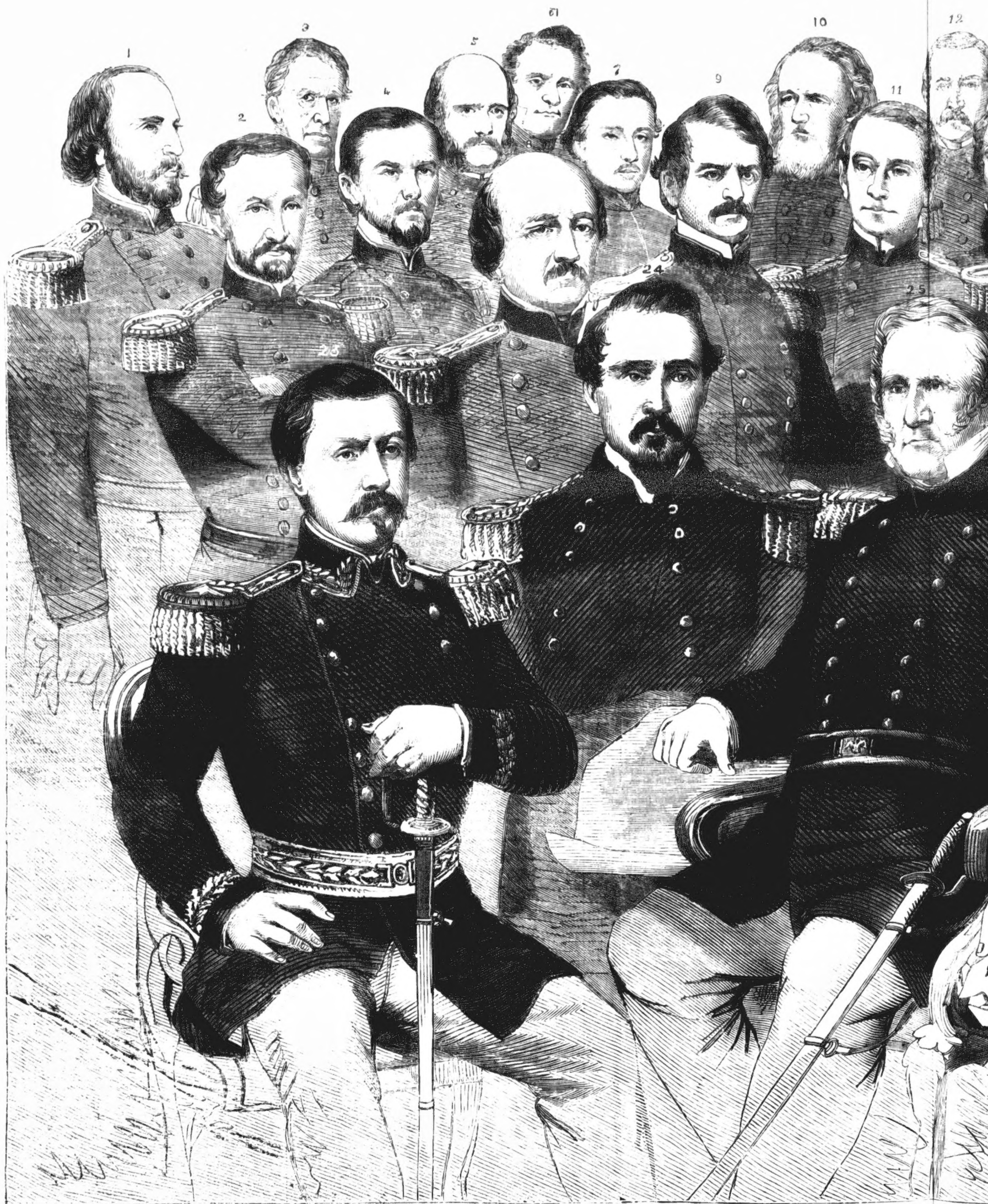
Generals Price and Magruder are two Confederate leaders of eminence. The former, by his rapid marches over vast extents of territory, completely confounded the Federal commanders sent to oppose him, and on more than one occasion, Price has made his unexpected appearance so opportunely as to turn the tide of victory completely in favour of the Confederates.

General Pope was born in Kentucky forty years ago, sent from Illinois to West Point, where he graduated with honour; was made a lieutenant at Monterey, and a captain at Buena Vista, in both of which engagements he behaved with great gallantry; he was among the first brigadier-generals appointed at the beginning of this war. General Pope may be clever, but he certainly is an unfortunate commander. Beauregard's army being within a short distance of that of Pope, some partial skirmishes took place between the advance guards, and the rear guards of the two armies. Pope telegraphed to Washington, that he had captured 10,000 prisoners, and 15,000 stand of arms. Beauregard gave the lie direct to this assertion, and challenged Pope to produce any portion of his alleged capture of prisoners or of arms. The challenge was not accepted; and it became notorious that Pope's prisoners resembled Falstaff's men in buckram, and the alleged capture of arms, was all moonshine. Pope has recently been severely handled by General Lee, losing his papers, camp-equipage &c.

THE "SOUTHERNER" IN IRELAND.

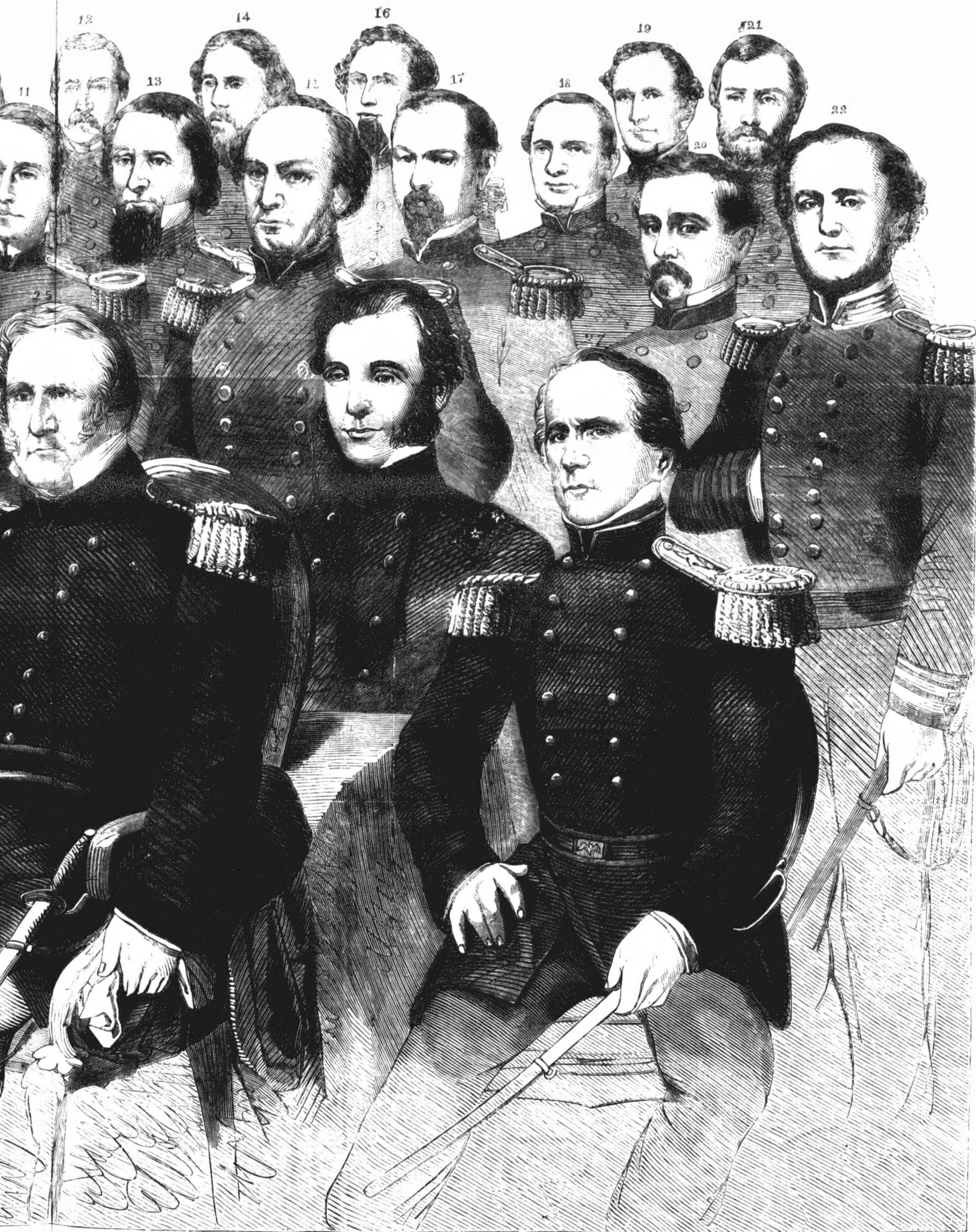
A SHORT time ago a distinguished traveller appeared in the city of Limerick, who called himself Captain Miller, of New Orleans. He was about thirty-two years of age, thin, and of a sallow complexion. He had large plantations in the South, and he was of course an enthusiastic Confederate. He had himself fought under Beauregard, and he showed some wounds that he had received while fighting against the Northerners, of whom he spoke with the greatest contempt. He had a vessel in the Shannon, he said, with which he intended to run the blockade, and he was negotiating the purchase of others for the same purpose. Among those who were specially interested in the distinguished stranger, was Mr. Michael O'Loughlin, who met him at Moore's Hotel, and became the object of his particular regard. He was so well pleased with O'Loughlin's Southern sympathies and talents for business, that he engaged him as his manager, and agreed to take him out with him to New Orleans at a salary of 300 dollars, or £75 a month. Mr. O'Loughlin was delighted with this splendid offer, and charmed with the chivalrous bearing and generous spirit of his employer. He sold all he had, purchased an outfit, and prepared to cross the Atlantic. Captain Miller and his manager arrived in Cork, and put up at the Victoria Hotel, both occupying the same room with two beds. As their stay in Cork was to be short, the captain advised his companion to leave his luggage at the railway terminus, taking the precaution to have it labelled in his own name. The conversation, turned upon the serious business in which he was engaged on the part of the Southern Confederation. He was to take out some 20 or 30 tons of gunpowder, and several thousand stand of arms, including as many Armstrong guns as he could manage to get. In the meantime he lived at the hotel in a style befitting a man of such property, and engaged in such important transactions. Everything went on smoothly till one morning O'Loughlin left the room to take a bath. When he returned he found that the captain had, vanished, taking with him his manager's purse, watch, and clothes, all but his great coat. Information was immediately given to the police, and the telegraph was put in motion. O'Loughlin's luggage had gone from the railway station, and some vehicle must have been employed to take it. Inquiries were set on foot among the cabmen, and with the aid of one them the fugitive was discovered in a house in the town. He was arrested. Notwithstanding the audacity with which he carried on his swindling operation, it is said that the moment he saw the police constable he fainted. It appears that he never was in New Orleans, though he gave a graphic account of his plantations in that quarter. He has been committed for trial.

We hear that Captain James George MacKenzie, R.N., is appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief in and over the Falkland Islands and their dependencies.



1. GENERALS CORCORAN, F.; 2. ROSENCRANZ, F.; 3. CAPTAIN WILKES, F.; 4. GENERALS SIGEL, F.; 5. BURNSIDE, F.; 6. SHERMAN, F.; 7. PRICE, C.; 8. BUTLER, F.; 9. BANKS, F.; 10. MANSFIELD, F.; 11. LEE, C.; 12. HUNTER, F.; 13. McCLELLAN, F.; 14. BEAUREGARD, C.; 15. SCOTT, F.; 16. STONEWALL JACKSON, C.; 17. FRANKLIN, F.; 18. POLK, F.; 19. GORDON, F.; 20. HARRIS, F.; 21. KIMBALL, F.; 22. MANTON, F.; 23. M'CLELLAN, F.; 24. BEAUREGARD, C.; 25. SCOTT, F.; 26. STONEWALL JACKSON, C.; 27. FRANKLIN, F.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.—PORTRAITS OF TWENTY-SEVEN OF THE PRINCIPAL



11. LEE, G. HUNTER, F.; 13. POPE, F.; 14. FREMONT, F.; 15. HALLECK, F.; 16. MORGAN, C.; 17. McDOWELL, F.; 18. MAGRUDER, C. 19. COM. FARRAGUT, F. 20. GENERALS MEAGHER, F.; 21. CURTIS, F.; 22. DUPONT, F. 23. SCOTT, F.; 24. STONEWALL JACKSON, C.; 25. WOOL, F.

OF THE PRINCIPAL GENERALS OF THE CONTENDING ARMIES. (See page 775.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

COVENT GARDEN.—"The Crown Diamonds" has been revived here, and is an additional proof, if any were wanting, of the determination of the management to cater most bountifully for the amusement of their patrons. This opera has always been a favourite with the *habitués*, and the principal characters are undoubtedly the best assumption of the lessees. "The Crown Diamonds" we strongly advise all lovers of good music to go and see.

ST. JAMES'S.—"She Would and He Wouldn't" is the title of a new comedy by Mr. M. Morton, produced here with complete success. The plot is not very complicated. A marchioness, young and beautiful, having been loved and then neglected by a count, seeks the agency of a young fortune-teller in recovering the affections of her lover; and by assisting him with cash on his note of hand out of a gambling debt, he has the alternative either of a gaol or a wife of sixty, personated by the marchioness, who then reveals the trick played on him. The comedy is admirably put on the stage, and the principal performers, Miss Herbert, Miss St. Casse, Mr. Vining, and Mr. Mathews, were honoured by a call before the curtain.

ADELPHI.—"The Flowers of the Forest" have very judiciously been revived. The part of *Starlight Bess*, that the late Mrs. Fitzwilliam made her own, being taken by Miss K. Kelly. The performance was eminently satisfactory, and the heartiest applause was bestowed upon the efforts of the principal artists. Miss Woolgar enacted her original character of *Lemuel*, the gipsy boy with all her wonted fire and effect; and Mrs. Billington gave a spirited and carefully-studied representation of the unhappy heroine *Cynthia*. Of course, Messrs. Toole and Paul Bedford were uproariously applauded as *Cheap John* and *The Kinchin*; and the entire performance afforded extreme gratification to a numerous audience.

OLYMPIC.—A new comedieta, entitled "Real and Ideal," by Mr. Horace Wigan, has been produced at this house, and is one of the most genuine successes we have had the pleasure of reporting, even at this theatre where failures are but rarely met with. To those who like a rare evening's amusement we say visit the Olympic.

THE DR. JOHNSON MUSIC HALL.—This well-known place of amusement has been re-opened under new management. A very superior entertainment is given every evening. The operatic selections, from "L'Elisir d'Amore" and "Il Trovatore," were especially well rendered, and the exquisite singing of Miss Blanche Hamilton, Miss Melville, and Mr. de Brenner, and Mr. Benedict Vaughan seemed to create quite a *furore*. The comic part of the entertainment was equally well sustained, for there was Hilton, the ventriloquist; Hanbury, the humorous; Miss Julia Harcourt, the irresistibly comic; and Messrs. Hill and Rouse, in their negro songs; which, together with some ballad and duet singing, forms one of the best entertainments we have ever seen or heard in the London Music Halls.

FEARFUL FIRE AND TERRIBLE LOSS OF LIFE.

On Monday morning a fire broke out in the Workhouse in Brownlow-hill, Liverpool, and before it was extinguished above twenty lives were lost—principally infants—and the church adjoining the building completely gutted and destroyed. Soon after two o'clock Miss Kennan the school-mistress, communicated to Mr. Carr, the governor, the fact that dense smoke was issuing from the windows of the children's dormitory, which was situated in the eastern portion of the building over the drug-store of the establishment, and closely adjoining the church. On reaching the spot indicated Mr. Carr at once ordered all the hose of the workhouse to be got out, and they were immediately fixed to seven stand pipes, and the water conveyed by them directed on the burning interior of the dormitory. Unfortunately the pressure of water at this time was not great, and the fire continued to spread among the combustible materials contained in the apartment, which was filled with its usual inmates. Ladders were obtained and the greatest efforts were made to extricate the terrified children through the windows of the sleeping rooms. On breaking these, however, the smoke was so dense, and the heat so great, that it was utterly impossible for any one to gain an entrance without the certainty of almost instant death and the most demonstrable evidences of the impossibility to render any efficient aid.

Two adult nurses and a grown-up girl fell victims to their exertions in attempting to save the lives of the helpless children. It is still more melancholy to relate that the sacrifice was unavailing, as the whole of the inmates who occupied the northern portion of the apartment, numbering twenty, perished in the smoke and flames.

While the exertions of all were sedulously and anxiously directed to saving the lives of the children, it was discovered that the church was on fire. Shortly before four o'clock some portion of the steeple supports began to give way; the steeple itself vibrated considerably, and in a moment afterwards it reeled and fell with a tremendous crash, carrying with it large portions of the roof and interior timbers, including the floor and all the consumable materials within the edifice down to the schoolrooms underneath. With this the fire gradually declined, and was at length extinguished, that in the dormitory having been previously subdued.

After the fire had been subdued, the ruins presented a ghastly appearance, the dormitory roof was completely destroyed, as was also a large portion of the floor and the central staircase. The portions of the floor which remained were covered with partially burned bedding, and among the wreck the charred and disfigured remains of the unhappy victims of the flames. Some of these were horribly mutilated, having evidently been smashed by the falling rubbish. In the dormitory the beds were all of iron, and in one row of these lay fourteen bodies of lifeless children, charred and blackened, and partially covered with fragments of the roof.

The dormitory in which the fire was first discovered was the one appropriated to the female children and infant inmates; and of these there were about forty, viz.: sixteen pretty well grown-up girls, and thirty-four of tender age. Of these, eighteen or nineteen had been burnt to death, or suffocated in the room, in addition to the three nurses who have already been mentioned as having lost their lives.

COUNTY COURTS COMMITTEES.—In the six months from Michaelmas to the end of April 4,575 persons were taken to prison by order of the County Court judges in England and Wales for not having satisfied a judgment obtained, having had sufficient means and ability to do so. The periods for which they were sent to prison varied from three days to 49, and the debts (with costs) from £44. to 2s.; 449 of these persons had been taken to prison before for the same debt, one as many as seven times before.

A MISCREANT PRIEST.—The Rev. Father Beausoleil, curate of Menestrier du Prey, was tried by the Tribunal of Isere (France) for the violation of "numerous" children under the age of eleven years. The rev. gentleman solemnly swore that he was innocent of anything but pleasant familiarities with the children who had been committed to his charge. He pleaded his grey hairs, his sixty years, forty of which he had passed as a parish priest; but it was clearly proven that he had seasoned the asperities of a religious life, during these forty years, by the disgusting familiarities which were in every case brought home to him. The proofs of his guilt were overwhelming, and served but to blacken the infamy of his defence. He was condemned to fifteen years' hard labour.

Sporting.

BETTING ON THE RACES AT TATTERSALL'S.

ST. LEGER.—5 to 2 agst The Marquis; 2 to 2 agst Buckstone; 100 to 15 agst Carisbrook; 10 to 1 agst Exchequer; 14 to 1 agst Argonaut; 20 to 1 agst Stockwell colt; 20 to 1 agst Hurricane; 20 to 1 agst Johnny Armstrong; 66 to 1 agst Old Calabar; 100 to 1 agst Caractacus. Even on The Marquis, Buckstone, and Argonaut agst the field.

THE CHAMPAGNE STAKES.—Even on Lord Clifden. THE DERBY.—2,000 to 3 agst The Gunner.

RACING FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.			
Doncaster . . . 16	Richmond . . . 23	Manchester . . . 26	
Brecon . . . 17	Walsall . . . 24	St. George's (late	
Wordsley . . . 22	Moumouth . . . 25	Pain's Lane . . . 29	
Belford . . . 23	Lanark . . . 25	Newmarket F O . 30	
OCTOBER.			
Chesterfield . . . 1	Royal Caledonian	Perth . . . 16	
Edinburgh & L O 1	Hunt & Kelso . 7	Gloucester . . . 21	
Felton . . . 6	Newmarket S O . 13	Newmarket H . 27	
Bedford . . . 7			

GOVERNESSES IN AUSTRALIA.

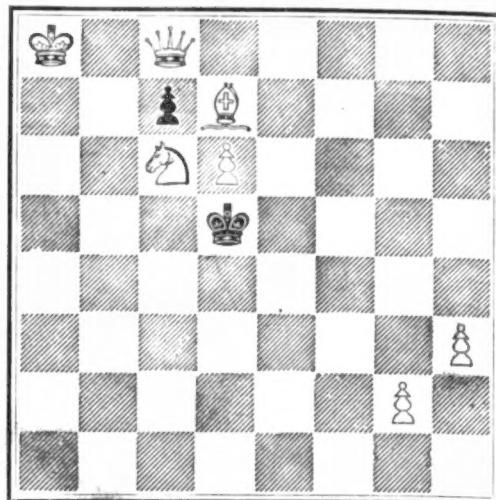
This following is an article in the *Melbourne Argus* relative to the emigration of governesses to Australia:—

Tuesday, June 17, 1862.

"So excellent a project deserves more support than we are able to give it, and more success than it is likely to have. We hardly know how to deal with Miss Rye's pamphlet. As advocates of immigration to the fullest extent—of immigration without respect of classes or conditions—of 'indiscriminate immigration,' to use Mr. Higginbotham's phrase—we are glad to welcome any efforts which may tend to the increase of population in Victoria. So far as Miss Rye's special friends are concerned, there is no doubt that they would be among the most desirable of immigrants. It cannot be said, in the language of the opponents of immigration, that the number of educated women in the colony is already in excess of the demand; or that there is a surplus of this sort of imports over and above what the capitalists are able to consume. It is one thing, however, to approve the immigration of educated women in the abstract, and another to encourage them to come here by the promises and hopes held forth by Miss Maria S. Rye. We must remember that these are an exceptional sort of governess, who do not come within the ordinary principles which govern immigration at large. To the various classes of artisans and labourers we are able to ensure an almost unlimited field of employment; and to every sober and able-bodied man, of whatever class, we can promise at least a living in any circumstances. With any great accession to the number of immigrants of course will come a demand for all the various classes and conditions of society which go to make up a civilised community; and it is in this way, no doubt, that we may confidently look forward to the immigration of educated women as a necessary complement to any large and general scheme of immigration. But if it is a part of Miss Rye's project that educated women are to be assisted hither at the public expense, to supply any existing want, we are afraid she will have but little support from those who know what is likely to be the condition of immigrants brought out on such terms. We are afraid Miss Rye is deceiving herself and her friends by the flattering pictures she has set before them of the condition of governesses in this colony. Any keeper of a 'labour mart' in Melbourne could give her better information on this point than all her lady patronesses in Melbourne or Sydney. A general scheme for the importation of governesses into Victoria is, in fact, as wild a speculation as could enter any human brain. There is no article, perhaps, in the labour market of less general demand than governesses. There is no market, perhaps, where the value of educated women is less appreciated than Melbourne. That sort of genteel servitude which poor gentlewomen find so intolerable at home cannot be but greatly aggravated in a young colony, where those who have the wealth have rarely the refinement, and those who have refinement have not much wealth. As a rule, governesses are better off, with all their miserable pittance, in England than in Victoria among our newly rich. The equality of the lady's maid—the patronage of the butler—which are among the hardest trials of the governesses at home, have, indeed, no parallel here; but it is very questionable whether the change is in favour of the governess. For an educated woman of high class who comes here to better her prospects, we cannot conceive a more hopeless venture, if she is to be a governess all her days. She had better be a good plain cook, or a pretty barmaid. There is not a housemaid who would not turn up her nose at her in any Melbourne labour-office. The pigeon-holes of our advertisement-office could unfold many an heartrending tale of sadness and woe of the poor gentlewoman, and her disappointed hopes, and defeated ambitions. If Miss Rye's object is not so much to provide us with governesses as to remedy that sexual disproportion to which she refers, we are still at a loss to perceive how we are to give any aid of the kind desired to the immigration of educated women. The fact that there are some 150,000 bachelors unattached in these colonies, while there is a surplus of 70,000 maidens in the old country, is certainly not creditable to our Australian manhood. But how does Miss Rye propose to remove this scandal from our doors? Are we to open a national Hymeneal office for the greater facility of marriages? Or upon what terms are we to bring out educated young women to match our educated young men? Any indiscriminate venture, in a matter of this delicate kind, is clearly attended with danger. We have heard of a State being a father of its people, but is there not some risk in its undertaking the duties of the people's father-in-law. We may bring the young women here, but what if they do not suit the young men? What shall we do with the articles which don't 'move off,' and the goods which are found unsaleable? The disproportion which at present exists between the sexes in this colony is undoubtedly a great social evil, but we doubt if it is to be cured by the indiscriminate importation of educated young women from England. Our bachelors will probably insist upon the right of free selection. They may not want to be married at all, however odious this must appear to Miss Rye and her friends. Moreover, is there nothing due to existing interests? Are our spinsters already on hand to be neglected in favour of the imported article? It is a fallacy to suppose that our home market is so entirely bare as that we are compelled to depend upon foreign produce. If there was a demand for educated women as wives for our educated men, Miss Rye may be sure that she would have heard of it with sufficient distinctness. But we are compelled to say that there is no such demand. Of the 150,000 men without wives in this hemisphere, there are very few who would be customers for Miss Rye, unless her educated women are prepared to be less particular than they were wont to be. The truth is that the proportion of marriageable educated women in the world is out of all proportion to the number of educated men who are prepared to marry them. It would lead us too far from our immediate subject to enter upon the reasons for this state of things; but it is sufficiently notorious that in Victoria as in England the requirements of modern social life have placed matrimony practically out of the reach of the educated classes. Therefore, although we should gladly see the immigration of any number of educated women, we cannot perceive that we are called upon to assist such an immigration by any special means, or to bestow upon this, or upon any other class of immigrant, any more favour than is shown to the general body of immigrants."

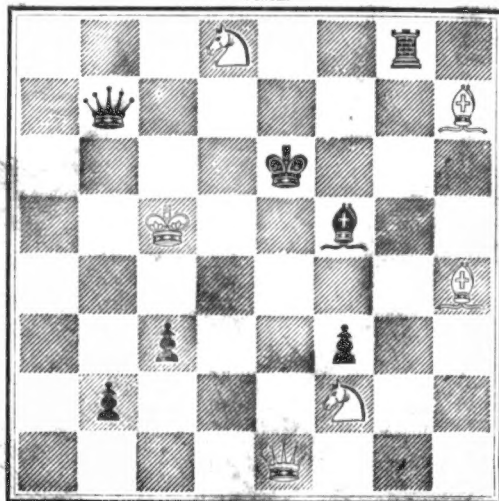
Chess.

PROBLEM No. 53.—By W. B. H. (South Shields.) Black.



White.
White to mate in four moves.

PROBLEM No. 54.—By J. T. SMITH. Black.



White.
White to mate in four moves.

GAME BETWEEN TWO METROPOLITAN AMATEURS.—(Sicilian opening.)

White, Mr. H.	Black, Mr. S.
1. P to K 4	1. P to Q B 4
2. K Kt to B 3	2. P to K 3
3. B to B 4 (a)	3. K Kt to B 3
4. P to Q 3	4. P to Q 4
5. P takes P	5. P takes P
6. B to Q Kt 3	6. B to K 3
7. P to Q 4	7. P to K B 5
8. B to R 4 (ch)	8. Q Kt to B 3
9. B to K Kt 5	9. B to K 2
10. B takes Q Kt	10. P takes B
11. P to Q Kt 3	11. Q to R 4 (ch)
12. B to Q 2	12. B to Q Kt 5
13. P to Q B 3	13. B to Q 3
14. P to Q Kt 4	14. Q to B 2
15. P to K R 3	15. Castles (K. R.)
16. P to Q R 4	16. P to K 4
17. Q Kt to R 3	17. P takes P (b)
18. P takes P	18. Kt to R 5 (c)
19. Q Kt to Kt square	19. Kt takes B
20. Q takes Kt	20. K B to K square (d)
21. Castles	21. B to K B 4
22. P to R 5	22. B to R 5
23. Q to B 3	23. Q R to Kt square
24. R to R 4	24. B to Q 6
25. R to Q square	25. B to K 7
26. R to K square	26. Q to K 2
27. Kt to K 5 (e)	27. P takes Kt
28. R takes B	28. B to R 7 (ch)

NOTES.

- (a) P to Q 4 is a better move at this point.
(b) Q to K 2 looks much better.
(c) Again we should have preferred Q to K 2.
(d) Once more Q to K 2 seems the *coupé juste*.
(e) Play as he may White must put up with some loss.

A NUMBER of persons had assembled a few days back at the Robermont Cemetery at Liege, in Belgium, at the interment of a young girl, when, as the coffin was about to be lowered into the grave, one of the relations present declared that she had heard a cry proceed from it. The lid was immediately removed, and it was indeed found that the crucifix which had been placed on the breast of the corpse had fallen, and that one of the arms which had been disposed at full length along the body was raised towards the head. Medical assistance was obtained, when it was ascertained that death had really taken place, and that the fears of a premature interment were unfounded.—*Galignani*.

SOUND OF CANNONS.—We stated that the reports of cannon were heard plainly at this place on Tuesday, the 3rd inst. It is now known that on that day fighting occurred throughout the whole forenoon at Strasburg, Virginia, over one hundred miles in a direct line from this place, over hills, mountains, and valleys. A gentleman in whom we put implicit reliance informs us that on Saturday, the 31st of May, the day of the great battle near Richmond, he was riding on the road near Baltimore, and heard a continuous roar in that direction, and at a time when there were no indications of thunder. We are fully impressed with the idea that the firing of a cannon can be heard much further than supposed. It must be over 150 miles to Richmond.—*Townsend* (U.S.) *Advocate*.

Tale and Police.

POLICE COURTS.
MANION HOUSE.

A GAMBLER IN TROUBLE.—A well-dressed young man, who gave the name, supposed to be fictitious, of John Fenne, residing at Russell-terrace, Old Kent-road, and described on his own confession as "a professional gambler," was charged with being in the unlawful possession of a £10 Bank of England note, which had been stolen. The prisoner entered the shop of Mr. Peter Haas, a money changer, of 15, Fenchurch-street, and producing £75 in notes of the Bank of England, asked to have them exchanged for an equivalent sum in French, Belgian, and German money, which was done. On being asked to write his name and address on one of the notes, he wrote upon one for £5, "M. Tenne, 11, Peacock-terrace, Victoria-park." Not liking the appearance of the prisoner, Mr. Haas sent an errand boy to watch him after he left the shop, who presently afterwards saw him enter a dining-room, Nicholas-lane. He also sent his son to the Bank of England to exchange the notes he had received from the prisoner for gold. There they all passed muster except one for £10, the payment of which had been stopped on the 16th of August, on an allegation that it had been stolen, as proved by Mr. Bailly, from the Accountant's branch note Department. Mr. Haas's son thereupon went with Russell and Packman, two of the city detective officers, to the house in Nicholas-lane, and there found the prisoner, who, at their request, accompanied them to the office of the secretary of the Bank of England. There, on being asked for an explanation, he at first hesitated, and then admitted that the £10 note in question was one he had paid to Mr. Haas. On being asked who he was and how he came by the note, he said his name was John Fenne, that he was a professional gambler, and gave an address in Russell-terrace, Old Kent-road. Mr. Haas, who stood by, said he had given a different name and address on exchanging the £75. The prisoner explained that he had previously lived at Peacock-terrace, but having recently come from abroad, he had written on the note at Mr. Haas's shop his former instead of his present address. On being asked how the note had come into his possession, he replied he had not but could not say from whom, at a gaming table at Borden-laden, from which place he had recently come. He was asked by the officers if he could refer them to any person he knew in London, or who knew him. He said he could not, as he had been so short a time in England. He was then taken into custody, and on the way to the police-station he said it was a very hard case. On being searched at the police-station there were found on the prisoner £10 odd in gold and silver, 77 Napoleons, 30 half ditto, two quarter ditto, 15 double Fredericks, 5 single ditto, 7 pieces of foreign coin, one 1,000fr. note, five 200fr. notes, twenty-three 100 ditto, two 100 shaler notes, four 25 ditto, a £5 bank note, a gold watch and chain, a diamond pin and a diamond ring, the last of which he was detected in the act of concealing. He asked to be allowed to write something on the £5 note, so that he might know it again, and it having been handed to him for that purpose, he wrote a corner off it, saying that was the way he marked a note. Mrs. Harriet Blackburn, residing in Pimlico-place, Pimlico-green-road, was called as a witness. On the 15th of August, she said, she received from her stockbroker three £10 notes, with other notes, which latter she paid away again. Shortly afterwards she was at Messrs. Smith, Payne, and Co's bank, paying in some money, and there she had reason to believe the three £10 notes were stolen from her. She had kept the numbers, and now identified the £10 note in question as one of them. She was waiting in Smith's bank, when a clerk beckoned her to go forward to the counter, and asked some gentleman to stand aside that she might do so. She knew at that time the three notes, which were in a purse, were safe in her pocket. She did not discover her loss until she returned home. She had seen the prisoner somewhere before, but could not say where. To the best of her belief she saw him at Smith's bank, but could not swear. The Lord Mayor said the prisoner was found in possession of the stolen note, and had not given such an account of how he came by it as to clear himself from suspicion, or to justify his being liberated from custody without further inquiry. The case was then adjourned for a week, the Lord Mayor declining to entertain an application to admit the prisoner to bail.

WESTMINSTER.

THE "SOCIAL EVIL."—AND IT IS IT! ENCOURAGED.—A few days since an extremely respectable-looking woman, accompanied by her daughter, a very pretty girl of about twenty, applied at this court for advice under the following circumstances. She stated that her daughter had unfortunately fallen from the path of virtue some months since, and had been living at Warwick-street, Pimlico, from whence she went to the hospital, leaving some dresses, a mantle, and other articles in the care of her landlady, to whom she owed three weeks' rent. Applicant had at length discovered her daughter, and had induced her to leave her wretched mode of earning a livelihood, and accompany her to the country, but on applying to the landlady she had flatly refused to give up the property left with her, until the three weeks' rent was paid. This statement having been corroborated in every particular by the daughter, the magistrate granted a summons against the landlady, returnable at the earliest convenient day. Accordingly, Elizabeth Hardy, a showily-dressed woman, appeared to the summons, when Fanny Higgins, the girl in question, having repeated the nature of her complaint, and valued the property detained at £7. Defendant declared that she had not known till now how the complainant obtained her living, and consequently considered herself justified in detaining the clothes. Her house was most respectably conducted. Complainant stated, in answer to the magistrate's inquiries, that it was a gay house. She had lodged there four or five months, paying 15s. per week for a back room, and there were three other girls in the house, who got their living in the same way as she had unfortunately done. No one else lived there; and she had, moreover, told defendant, when she took the lodgings, that she was an unfortunate girl. Mr. Ingham said defendant could not by the law of the land detain goods for rent owing under these circumstances. It had been held by the legislature that, for the sake of the public morals, a person keeping a house of this description should not be entitled to detain goods for rent, and thereby bind a girl down for life to this wretched mode of gaining a living. Defendant said she did not wish to do so, and repeated that her house was not what the complainant had described it to be. Mr. Ingham remarked he had no doubt upon the subject. This young woman had made up her mind to go with her mother and live respectably. She could not do so if her clothes were detained, and he should make an order upon the defendant to deliver them up, or pay the full value with costs. Defendant said she had never been applied to for the clothes. Complainant said this was untrue. She had even, unknown to her mother, offered to pay the rent in instalments of 5s. per week, rather than continue living as she had done, which offer was refused. Mr. Ingham repeated he should make the order, and sent an officer with the complainant, when the clothes were given up.

THE KIRK AT CREMORNE.—Alfred Kibley, a waiter at Cremorne, was charged with stabbing police-constable Potter, 174 V, under the following circumstances:—Complainant said: About eight o'clock on Saturday night I was on duty in Cremorne-gardens, when I was called into the hotel, and Mr. Pearce, the manager, said, "Potter, you must see this man out; he's drunk, and using abusive language, and the company are complaining of him. You must see him off the premises; I've paid him his wages and discharged him." After Mr. Pearce left, the principal waiter, Avery, said, "Now put on your coat, Alfred, and go away quietly." Prisoner then said, "What! You've brought a policeman here? If he lays his hand upon me, I'll stab him." After a little persuasion he put on his coat, went out into the ball-room. Thinking myself called upon to follow him I called Avery, 244 V, to my assistance, and going to the prisoner said, "Mr. Pearce has paid and discharged you; why don't you leave the premises?" He then said, "You'd better not lay a hand upon me I'll knife you." He then turned round and kicked me on the knee. I then took him into custody, but had not touched him before. Avenell and I took him by the collar quietly on each side, when he commenced kicking violently, and we had got him a short distance when he made a "job" at my stomach with his right hand. I brought my hand forward, and received the blow upon it, and immediately found the blood trickling from it, and that I had been stabbed, upon which I called out to Avenell, "He's got a knife," and catching hold of his wrist one of the bystanders took an open knife from him. (The knife produced was a sharp-pointed penknife with blood upon it.) We got him outside, he still kicking us violently, and called Avenell, a hansom-carriage driver, who he kicked two or three times, once very seriously, upon which Parish knocked him down, and we held him there till I got assistance. I may mention that from the time I was called to him first until he struck me I did not see him put his hand in his pocket to take out the knife. Although he threatened to stab me I never anticipated that he would do so. He was the last person I should have thought capable of doing it, as during the time he has been there he has been a most quiet and inoffensive lad. Cross-examined by Mr. Smyth—I bled very freely, but the wound is not very painful now. I considered it my duty according to my orders from Mr. Pearce, to see the prisoner out of the gardens. I treated him with the utmost kindness and forbearance all through. He did not promise to go quietly if we let him him go. I did say to him, "By G—, if you don't go, I'll break your shins." I had my truncheon out after he stabbed me, but I did not use it. I almost did, but I was most reluctant to offer him any violence, having known him so long, although several

gentlemen endeavoured to persuade me to strike him. Thomas Avenell, 244 V, and James Parish, Hackney-carriage attendant, 194, were called in corroboration. Parish was not called till Potter was getting exhausted from loss of blood, and on prisoner's kicking him violently Parish knocked him down. A certificate having been put in from Mr. F. Goodrich, the divisional surgeon, showing the nature of the wound, Mr. Smyth made a lengthy address on behalf of the prisoner. Mr. Dayman thought the observations made by the prisoner clearly showed that he meant to stab the constable to do with. He had no right to remain in the gardens. Under these circumstances he should send the case for trial. Mr. Smyth remarked that such being his worship's determination he would bring forward no witnesses at present. His worship would, however, he supposed, accept bail for accused's appearance. Mr. Dayman remanded the prisoner in order that the depositions might be prepared, and accepted two sureties in £50 each for his appearance.

CLERKENWELL.

SKINNING LIVE CATS.—Joseph Hyde was charged before Mr. Barker with the following barbarous cruelty to cats in Middle-row, St. Luke's:—Mr. W. Love, prosecuting officer of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, attended to watch the case. James Swain, of No. 3, New-court, Old-street-road, said, on Sunday morning he was going home about a quarter-past three, when he saw the prisoner by the side of the empty houses in Middle-row. He had a knife, and he was engaged skinning a cat alive. The cat was alive. The cat was on the ground with a brick on its head, with the prisoners foot on it. The cat was almost skinned at the time. The prisoner was pulling the cat's skin with one hand, and scraping it away with a knife with the other. The cat was crying at the time, but not very loudly. When the prisoner was taken into custody, he had the skin in his possession, and it was then quite hot. The prisoner said that when the boy had stood at the time in question, and stable John Jones, 209 G, said he was on duty at the time in question, and as soon as he saw him, tried to make his escape. When he took him into custody the cat's skin was warm. He also found on him two knives. The cat was not dead when he saw it. When he told him the charge, he said it was all false, for the cat was dead. The prisoner is by trade a skinner. The prisoner, in defence, denied the charge. He said that he did skin a cat, but it was one that he found on the ruins, and it was dead. The boy, in answer to the charge, said that he was certain that the cat was alive. He saw it kick, and it heard it mew. Mr. Barker sentenced the prisoner to three calendar months' hard labour, in the House of Correction. A Very Bad Lot.—Joseph Brown, alias Country Joe, a most notorious thief and skilful sharper, was charged before Mr. Barker, with uttering several counterfeit Bank of England notes. Mr. Wakeling appeared for the prosecution, and Mr. Lewis, jun., for the defence. The principal witnesses against the prisoner in two cases were a Mr. Scanes, a beer-shop-keeper, and a Mr. Daniels, a betting man. In one case, Daniels, at the request of the prisoner, passed a £5 note to Scanes, and in the other case, Scanes met the prisoner at Charlton Fair, and the prisoner said that he would stand some beer if he could get change for a £5 note. At the request of the prisoner, whom Scanes said he had known for years, he gave him change for a £5 note. Both the notes turned out to be forged. Daniels, when cross-examined by Mr. Lewis, said: I am a betting man, but do not belong to "fasters," I play at skittles, but do not cheat with them. I am called a skilful sharper, and I have been committed for trial. I was sentenced at the Central Criminal Court to fifteen months' imprisonment for conspiracy. I have been in custody since for different things. I won't say what, for I have been in custody for skilful sharpening, and I have been charged with burglary, but was acquitted. Why ask me questions about the receiving of stolen goods when you were the man who got me off (laughter). I shall not tell you any more. I have known the prisoner for years. Scanes, in cross-examination, said: I am well-known in this court. A man who was apprehended at my house on a charge of burglary with violence was transported for life. I was committed to the Old Bailey for receiving property well knowing it to have been stolen. I was acquitted on that charge. I have since had a month's imprisonment for assaulting the police. I was committed for trial and bound over in my recognisances to keep the peace. My house is sometimes resorted to by skilful sharpeners, but not against my will. Mr. Luke Muncy, formerly a publican, carrying on business in Farringdon-street, proved that the prisoner passed a forged £5 Bank of England note to him some months since. The prisoner said he should most certainly reserve his defence for a higher tribunal. Mr. Barker fully committed the prisoner to Newgate for trial.

MAILBOROUGH STREET.

A BRACE OF FRENCH RASCALS.—Augustus Torturet, and Adrien Brun, two Frenchmen, were charged with the following daring robberies:—The prisoners went into Mr. White's shop, in Great Portland-street, and, under pretence of purchasing watches, threw some pungent composition into his eyes, and ran off with a gold watch and chain. They were pursued, and Brun was taken immediately, and Torturet shortly afterwards. Fred. Thackley, assistant to Mr. McGrath, watchmaker, Gate-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, said that about five weeks ago the prisoner Brun came to the shop, and after inspecting several watches said he would call again and select one. The prisoner did call, and picked out a gold watch, which he requested might have something done to it, and he would call in the afternoon. The prisoner did not call, but the next day the other prisoner, Torturet, came to the shop, and asked to see some watches. While in the act of showing a watch, the prisoner Brun came in, and remained at some distance as if he was a stranger to the other prisoner. As the prisoner Torturet did not speak very intelligible English, the prisoner Brun offered to interpret, and his services were accepted. The prisoner Torturet asked to see a watch from the window. It was shown to him, but it would not suit, and he was taking leave and saying "Good morning," when Brun threw a quantity of snuff or salt-stuff in his face, made a grab at two watches which were on the counter, and ran away with them. He followed as soon as he could, but by the time he reached the street both prisoners had disappeared. He could positively swear to both prisoners. The prisoners made no defence, and were committed to Newgate for trial.

A PUGILISTIC QUARREL.—William Ward, a publican at Greenwich, and also a pugilist, was brought before Mr. Selfe, charged with cutting and wounding, with intent to do some grievous bodily harm, Benjamin Butler Cant, son of the late ex-champion. The court was crowded with the friends of both parties. Mr. Sleight, instructed by Mr. Edward Lewis, was for the prosecution; and Mr. Pearce, instructed by Mr. Abraham, for the prisoner. The complainant, who had his head bandaged all over, and who appeared to have suffered serious injury, on being sworn said—I kept the Coach and Horses public house, St. Martin's-lane. On the 19th of August, about eight o'clock, I returned home from the country, and I found a pugilist named Betsy Beardon at the bar, conducting himself in a disorderly manner. I went into my parlour, and after a short time the prisoner came in and asked me what I struck Beardon for. I said, "that is my business." The prisoner replied, "If you struck him without cause I'll murder you." A person who was present told me the prisoner was Ward the fighting man. I told the prisoner to leave my house. We jawed one another, and the prisoner went out of the parlour. I heard a noise at the bar, and going out I found the prisoner swearing at Beardon being struck. I said I would have struck him had he made use of similar language to my mother. The prisoner swore a tremendous oath, and seized me by the collar. I hit and pushed him to get away, and ran off fearing violence. The prisoner broke a pint tumbler on the counter, and came after me, saying, "I'm a tiger when I begin." The prisoner struck and cut me over the head three times. The prisoner was dragged away by some person, and I was dragged away into the bar parlour by another person. The prisoner seized hold of two glasses, and threw them at me. The glasses were smashed against the wall. The prisoner then laid hold of a quart pot, but it was taken from him. The prisoner was quite sober. I had done nothing to provoke this savage attack. When I hit and pushed past the prisoner it was in my own defence. I was sober, but I had had something to drink. I was taken to Charing-cross Hospital, smothered in blood. I am a patient of the hospital at this time. Mr. George Delamotte, house surgeon at Charing-cross Hospital, recollected when the complainant Cant was brought to the hospital. He had several wounds on the head, which were such as might have been inflicted by the ragged edges of a broken drinking glass. There was a great deal of blood on his forehead. Two of the wounds on the head were an inch and a half long, penetrating to the bone. The complainant was still in a very weak state. Thought the complainant when brought to the hospital was perfectly sober. Rose Bryan, sister-in-law of the complainant, said she saw the prisoner strike the complainant. The prisoner took up a pint tumbler, broke it on the counter deliberately, and then attacked the complainant with it. The prisoner struck the complainant three times with the broken tumbler. The prisoner had not been drinking out of the tumbler. The prisoner then threw two other tumblers at the complainant. The prisoner had previously been supplied with a glass of ginger beer. She did not see the complainant strike the defendant on the nose. Mr. Selfe said he considered that, in his corroborative evidence, it would be his duty to send the case for trial. Mr. Pearce said he was prepared with witnesses to rebut the evidence given, and to give a different complexion to the case; but, on the information that had been given, he should reserve his defence for the trial. He presumed that bail would be accepted. The prisoner was then committed to

the Central Criminal Court for trial. Bail was then given, the prisoner in £200, and two sureties in £100 each.

HARBOURING THIEVES.—The keeper of a penny ice shop, in Coventry-street, named Morion, was summoned for harbouring thieves in his house. The police proved that they visited the house on three occasions one night and found six or seven thieves and prostitutes there. The defendant had a refreshment licence. Mr. Lewis, jun., for the defendant, said his house had fourteen shops, and supplied only ice and ginger-beer to the public. He had no idea that the customers referred to by the police were persons of ill character. Mr. Selfe said the terms of the defendant's licence prohibited him from harbouring either thieves or prostitutes. The fact of harbouring thieves had been proved, and he should put on the reduced penalty of 6s., as the case was not a bad one.

MARYLEBONE.

NOT ONE OF THE TRACKS OF A LADY.—A young man, respectfully attired, named Frederick Lodge, residing at 4, Office-place, Kentish Town, described as a clerk, was placed at the bar, charged with the following robbery from the person. Jane Gaffray said: I lived at the Manor House, Kentish Town, and on the previous night I went into a public-house, and as I left the prisoner followed me, and I then had a purse in my pocket, containing £4 10s. in gold and 25s. in silver. Prisoner overtook me, and at his request I went into a second house and drank with him. This we left, and walked and talked together for a short distance. Mr. Yardley: What did you talk about? Witness did not seem inclined to answer the question. Mr. Yardley: Come, I must have the truth. Witness: It was nothing in particular. Mr. Yardley: Was it about love? (laughter.) Witness (sighing): No, sir. Mr. Yardley: Well, well; go on. Witness proceeded and said: At his request we turned back and again went into the public-house, where we stayed but a very short time. As we were walking away he put his hand in my pocket and I missed my purse and money. I accused him of taking it when he ran off, and I called out for the police. Stuart, 349 S, deposed that about twelve the previous night he was in Mansfield-place and heard loud screams of "Murder" and "Police," and almost at the same instant prisoner ran into his arms, and he held him till the female came up, who gave him in charge for robbing her. She was quite sober. Prisoner, when called on for his defence, said they were both the worst for drink, and she could not know whether she lost her purse or not. Mr. Yardley committed the prisoner for trial, and refused bail.

THAMES.

ROBBERY OF £100.—Jane Edwards, aged twenty-nine, cohabiting with the stoker of a steam-boat, and dwelling at the time of her apprehension at No. 1, Strathmore-terrace, Shadwell, Margaret Zurhorst, wife of a ship's steward, thirty-four, and Margaret Zurhorst, her daughter, thirteen, were charged with stealing £100 in gold, belonging to Thomas Austin, a storekeeper in the employ of the East and West India Dock Company. The prosecutor, a frugal and industrious man, has been for some time living with his wife and family at No. 119, Lucas-street, Commercial-road East. The Zurhorsts occupied a room on the same floor. Edwards, a woman of light character, had been occasionally employed by Mrs. Austin, as nurse. The prosecutor, in the course of the last eighteen years, had saved £127. The money was tied up in a canvas bag, and deposited in a drawer. Edwards had requested Austin to lend her a sovereign, which he refused to do. She mentioned the circumstance to a respectable young woman, named Mary Palmer, lodging in the house, No. 119, Lucas-street, and said that although Mr. Austin would not lend her a sovereign, she knew where he kept his money, and would have one. After this the prisoners, who were previously very poor, and pawning their clothes and effects, were continually changing gold, spending money, riding in cabs, buying gold rings, expensive dresses, and other things, and also redeeming goods on which they had previously obtained advances at the pawnbroker's shop. The girl Zurhorst had also said to Mr. Palmer, "You can have four sovereigns at any time. You are very poor, and it will do you good." Mrs. Palmer refused to participate in the robbery, and communicated what she had heard to her landlady. On the afternoon of Sunday, the 24th ult., Mr. Austin opened the drawer where the bag of gold was deposited, for the purpose of withdrawing a half-sovereign from the hoard, and then missed £100, consisting entirely of half-sovereigns, from the bag. Information was given to the police, and Police-sergeant Stimpson, 21 K, was engaged to investigate the case. He brought forward a long chain of circumstantial evidence to connect the prisoners with the robbery, and the spending of considerable sums of money from time to time. Miss Zurhorst made admissions to Stimpson that gold had been frequently taken from the bag by herself, her daughter, and Edwards. The girl Zurhorst was in the receipt of 3s. and 6d. per week as a seamstress. A few weeks since she had a sovereign and four half-sovereigns in her possession. She went upon an excursion to Loughborough, in Essex, on the 15th of August, and purchased three gold rings, for which she gave 31s. 6d. The prisoner Edwards, who had received much kindness from Mrs. Austin, planned the robbery, and purchased a key to open the drawer in which the bag of gold was deposited. Mr. Selfe committed the prisoners for trial at the next Middlesex sessions.

SOUTHWARK.

WITNESSING THE LADIES.—CAUTION TO ADVERTISERS.—James Carter alias James Harding, a smart-looking well-dressed man, was brought up charged with obtaining a gold watch, worth ten guineas, and about six pounds, from Caroline Fowkes, under false pretences. The prosecutrix, a lady-like female, said that in the early part of July she advertised in the "Times" for the situation of a companion to a lady, or a housekeeper to an elderly lady or gentleman. She received an answer, signed "James Harding," and met the prisoner by appointment, who said he was the writer, and had an hotel at the Isle of Wight, and that he wanted a respectable lady as housekeeper and manager. She accepted his offer, and had several times interviews with him, during which time she had lent the prisoner about £5. One day her watch-glass was broken. He took it up, put it in his pocket, and carried it away, saying he would get it repaired. She saw nothing more of him until he was taken into custody. An affidavit was sworn that the prisoner was placed in the dock about twenty ladies identified him as corresponding with them, and obtaining money under similar circumstances. Some of them were, however, so ashamed of their folly, that they instantly quitted the court rather than expose themselves. Mr. Burcham, to the prosecutrix: Did the prisoner tell you where his house or property was in the Isle of Wight? Witness: He said something about Wootton, but I don't exactly recollect. I know he said his property was in the Isle of Wight. How came you to let him have your watch?—It was lying on the table with the glass broken, when he took it up and said he would have it repaired. He put it in his pocket and took it away, promising to bring it back, but he did not, and I never saw him afterwards until I met him with the constable. During our conversations with him did he say anything about marriage? Yes, sir. He said that he was a man of property, and a widower, and he would make me happy and comfortable if I liked (laughter). Then, after that you let him have the money? Yes, I did, but still I should not have done so had he not told me that he was a gentleman of independent property at the Isle of Wight, and had engaged me as his housekeeper. Mr. Massey (the prisoner's solicitor): You fell in love with him then? Witness: No, I did not. He said something about marriage, but I never took any notice of that, as I looked upon him as my employer. Mr. Burcham: Did you part with your money and watch thinking that he had property in the Isle of Wight? Witness: Yes, sir. Mr. Burcham: I have before me a large bundle of letters from a number of females, who unfortunately, have been victimised by the prisoner. Some of them, I am sorry to say, are in a position of life that they are ashamed to come forward, and others are not able to attend. One lady sends word that she has been swindled of nearly £200; and another states that, in answer to her advertisement, the prisoner proposes marriage. This lady is disgusted with him, and very properly takes no more notice of him. However, I should be sorry that such a man should escape the justice he deserves; therefore, I shall further remand him for a week, when it is to be hoped that sufficient evidence will be prepared against him to send him for trial.

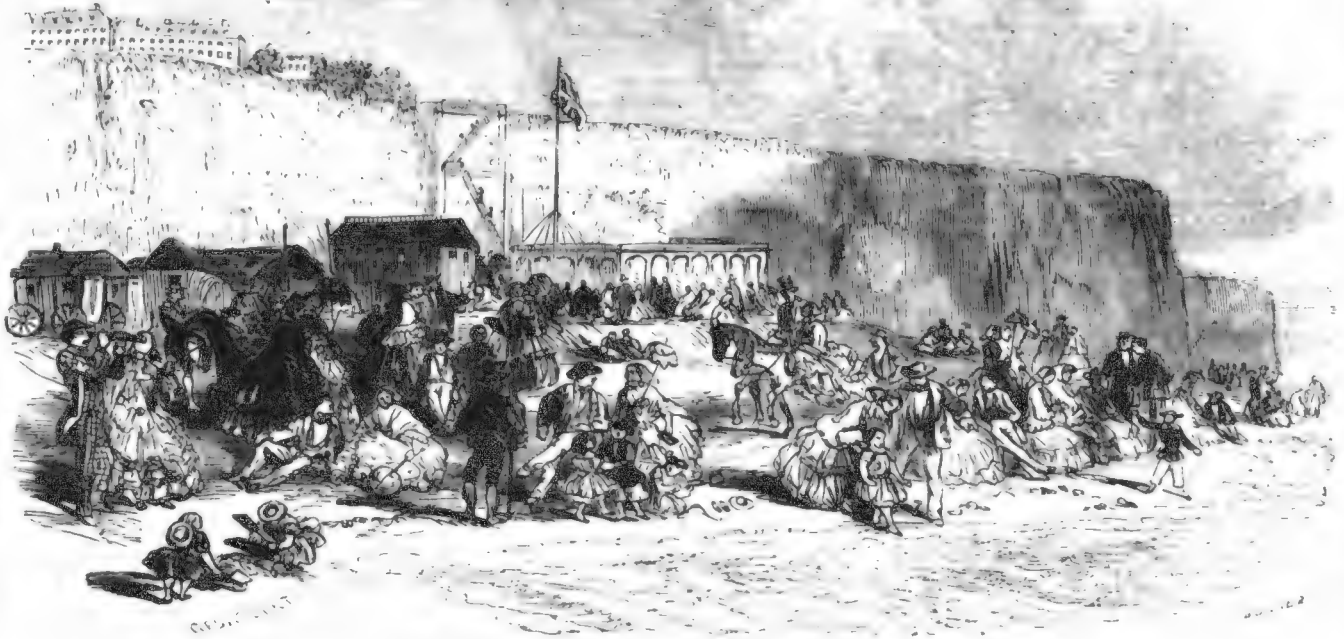
LAMBETH.

A PRACTICE BOY.—Robert Crimmins, a cab driver, was placed at the bar before Mr. Selfe on a charge of stealing furniture, and other property belonging to his mother, and of the value of over £7. The prosecutrix, a decent-looking and industrious woman, said that about eight weeks ago she lost her husband, leaving her with the prisoner and two other children, and she used her utmost exertion to provide for and bring them up respectably. She provided the prisoner with the means of procuring a cab license, and about six weeks ago she discovered that he had got married without her knowledge or consent. Soon after, at the entreaty of the prisoner, she took her son and his wife to her house until they could provide a home for themselves, and one day while she was out they stripped her place of every article of property there. She gave information to the police of the robbery, and had been on the look out for prisoner ever since, but did not see him until the evening before, when he met him in Knightsbridge by mere accident, and gave him into custody. The prisoner admitted taking the things, and said he had no objection to give the things back. The mother solemnly denied her son's accusation, and the prisoner was remanded to a future day.

RAMSGATE SANDS.

RAMSGATE
(Rium's Gate—the Gate of Rium, the British name of Thanet—gate, both here and on the Flemish coast, signifying a passage between dunes or cliffs of the sea), as a watering-place, is slightly more aristocratic than Margate; though in this respect the difference is not considerable. The season is the latter end of the summer and the autumn, when the demands of the lodging-house keeper are great; and it is only fair to add, that they act upon the maxim of "making hay while the sun shines." Boarding-houses and lodgings of all kinds abound; and, from the situation of the town most of them command good sea views. Every usual seaside accommodation of amusement is to be found here. The climate is far more bracing than that of the southern coast, and it is found to have an especially favourable influence in all cases of scorbutic disorder.

Ramsgate, which until about the middle of the last century was only a small fishing village, then began to increase in importance, "through the successful trade of its inhabitants to Russia and the East country." The commencement of its pier, in 1770, proves that this trade was not then declining. This pier, which was built chiefly of Purbeck stone, is described by Pennant, in 1787, as "the finest existing;" and even now it ranks as one of the most important



WATERING PLACES OF ENGLAND. No. 8.—RAMSGATE.

works of its kind. Since the beginning of the present century great improvements have been made. There are now two piers, forming excellent promenades, and enclosing a small harbour, which covers an area of about forty acres. This serves as a harbour of refuge for the Downs, which stretch away in front of it. On the West Pier-head is a lighthouse. As many as 400 sail have been received in this harbour at one time. An obelisk, near the Pier, commemorates the departure of George IV from this place for Hanover. On the parade, and close to the sea, is St. Augustine the Gothic villa built by the celebrated architect, A. W. Pugin Esq.

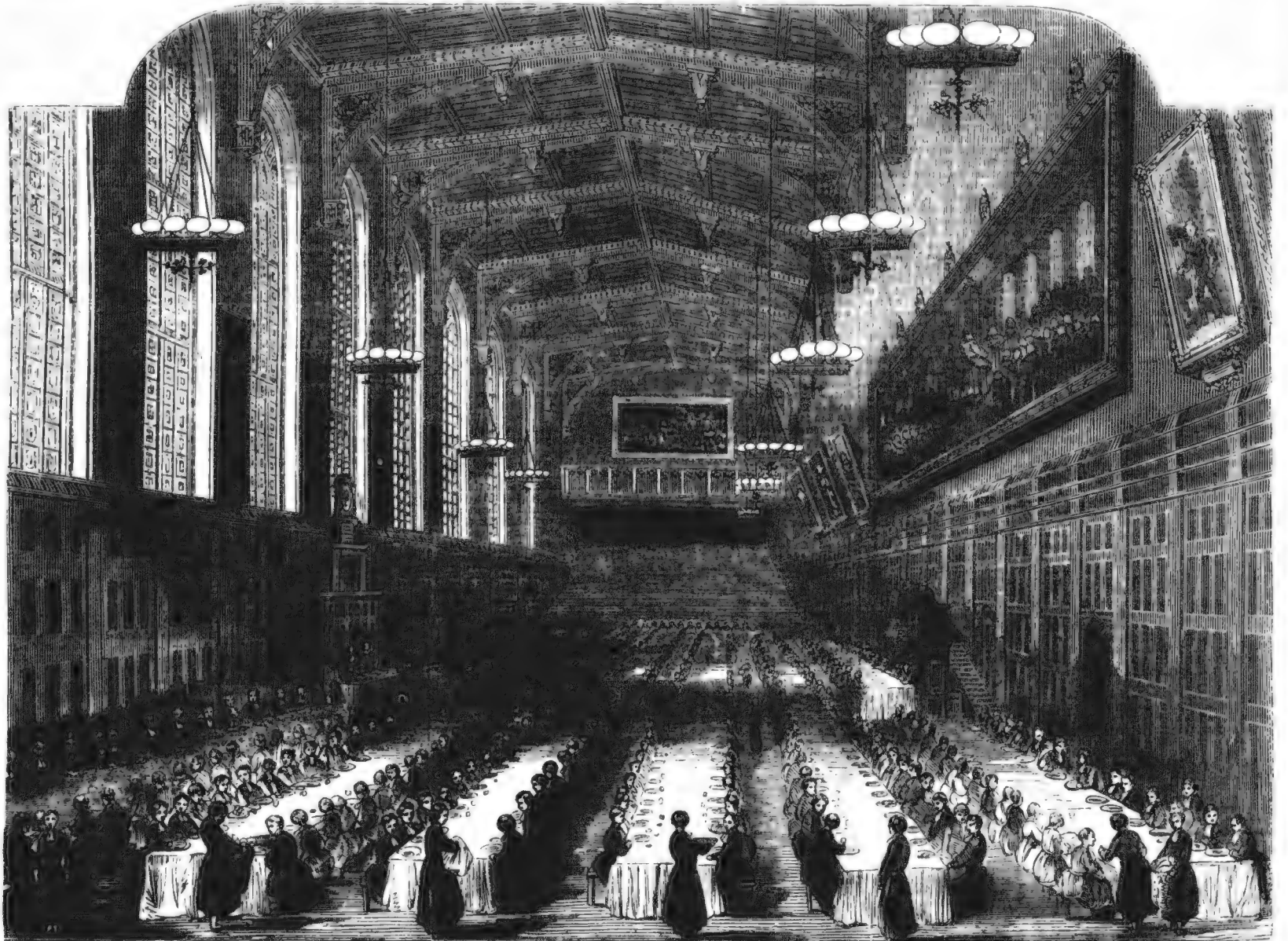
tickets entitling purchasers to a chance of a prize being fixed at 10d., or five for 4s. Amongst those who are taking a lead in this novel movement are Viscount Campden, Viscount Feilding, and Sir Charles Clifford.

THE SMALLPOX AMONGST SHEEP.—Professor Spooner recommends that flocks should not be sent to the great sheep fairs, and that buyers should make their purchases at the farms. He suggests to railway authorities that cattle and sheep trucks should be sprinkled with chloride of lime and other disinfectants, and well washed out after each time of using.

The sea and Christian architecture in his opinion, "the only things worth living for." He was indifferent to the roughest weather, and rendered frequent aid, with his own cutter, to vessels in danger of shipwreck.

Ramsgate is about sixty-seven miles south by east from London, and is easily accessible both by steamboat and railway.

POVERTY OF THE POPE.—A singular announcement appears in some of the Roman Catholic papers. It is to the effect that a large number of offerings which have been made to the Pope are to be disposed of by a general distribution "in aid of the necessities of the Sovereign Pontiff," on the 9th December, the price of the



"LONDON TOWN."—INTERIOR OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL. (See page 775.)

MR. W. HARRISON.

From the day of Mr. Harrison's first appearance on the stage until the present, his name has ever been associated with the cause of "English" opera. We say it without fear of contradiction; no living man has done so much towards the furtherance of that cause as Mr. W. Harrison; and spite of all the sneers and sarcasms indulged in at the expense of "native talent," as Englishmen, we cannot but feel a lively interest in every well-directed endeavour to establish a national opera, in our native language, on our native soil; nor can we feel otherwise than grateful to a gentleman who for so many years has toiled and studied with that end in view.

Mr. W. Harrison was born June 15, 1817. He has a splendid tenor voice, of much sweetness and great power. His acting is unusually good: he is quite a master of his art, and never fails you therefore have full confidence in all he undertakes. In private life, he is esteemed by all who know him, being generous, hospitable, and a gentleman in every sense of the term. He owes nothing of his success to hereditary talent. None of his family or connexions were "musical people." His father, the late Mr. John Harrison, for many years carried on an extensive business as a coal merchant in the parish of Marylebone. His success is due solely to his own unaided exertions and the fine voice with which Nature has endowed him. Even from infancy he was observed to have a beautiful voice; and, when very young, after having devoted three years to studying at the Royal Academy of Music, he made his first appearance on the stage, at Covent Garden Theatre, on Thursday, May 2, 1839, in Rooke's opera "Henrique, or the Love Pilgrim," playing the hero of the piece with great success.

In November of the same year, "The Beggars' Opera" was revived, in which he appeared in the character of Mac-heath upwards of sixty consecutive nights. To track his footsteps from the commencement of his career would be a long, though light-some labour. We note a few points only. As the original *Thaddeus*, in the "Bohemian Girl," he contributed largely to the success of the opera, and to the composer's fame. Balfe may thank him for much of the popularity of "When the fair land of Poland," and "You'll remember me." They are Harrison's songs. No one but he sings them as they should be sung. The circumstance of more than 80,000 copies of the latter ballad having been sold in the first year, speaks volumes for the success of Mr. Harrison, and for the popularity that his singing gave it. As *Adolphe*, in Balfe's opera of "The Daughter of St. Mark," and *Benedict's Crusader* and *Don Cesar de Bazan*, in "Marianita," he won fadefull laurels both in the vocal and dramatic line. In 1849, he played at the Princess's Theatre for upwards of forty nights, in "Don Giovanni." During the same season he created an unusual sensation in Macfarren's brilliant opera, "Charles the Second." In 1851, he had a long and successful engagement at the Haymarket, after which he returned to Drury Lane, where, as *Elvino*, in "Sonnambula," he more than justified the sincere commendations of his warmest friends, although Mario may be said to have made the part his own. But our English tenor has no need to shrink. The verdict of his countrymen has placed him in a position where he can fear no competition.

On the 21st of August, 1854, Mr. W. Harrison, accompanied by Miss Louisa Pyne, sailed from Liverpool for the United States. They spent nearly three years in visiting every city of importance in the Union—from New York and Boston in the east, to New Orleans in the south; penetrating into the far West to Madison, the principal city of Wisconsin, and northwards to Montreal, Quebec, and the other towns of Canada, giving upwards of five hundred operatic performances, and considerably more than one hundred

concerts, and wherever they went achieving the most unprecedented success, winning the hearts of all hearers, and the plaudits of all—even the severest critics.

On their return to England, Mr. Harrison at once took steps to find a London theatre where his attempt to found a permanent English opera in the English capital could be made, and for some years Covent Garden has been their home.

A WORD FOR MONEY.—One would think, from the various synonyms used to signify money, whereby the direct mention of it is in a manner shirked, that it was something of which people are ashamed. Men shrink in conversation from naming it outright, and hint at it covertly as the "tin," the "dust," the "needful," the "stumpy," the "ready," as if the thing alluded to were of an indelicate nature. They describe it by initials, £ s. d., and perhaps, in time, they will come to express it by asterisks. Nay, they define it by vile and disparaging phrases: such as "dross" and "filthy lucre." Poets and novelists, in particular, are always aspersing and decrying it, in a manner which is at least unfair;

Literature.

ORIGINAL TALES.

LITTLE ELSIE.

TWO LIFE STORIES.

PART V.—Continued

It would be unjust to deny to Captain Fitzroy the success of his base plotting. As he admitted, his success was not quite complete. Elsie had not become his victim, for some instinct had been given her to suspect the man she had always felt a secret dislike to, but as he had succeeded in making her believe that Morton Elwood was unfaithful to her, and mingled up with the devil's scheme, assisted by Hiram Roper—a most competent and consummate scoundrel, it must be admitted—the poor girl, wounded to the very core of her heart, and her fondest feelings outraged, had fled, and only Hiram had known her whereabouts.

With his long face and his cringing mien, he had presented himself before her one day, having,

"ruffian was aroused up within him,—if you knew all, you would take matters a little more coolly."

"Well, speak. I may as well learn all now as at any other time. Has your master sent you?" and she sat down like one that was determined to know the worst.

"Yes," replied the glib liar, who had fully rehearsed his task.

"To tell me that I am forgotten, and that I am his 'leman,' no more."

"Eh? I don't know what you mean."

"Speak out, then, what you do know; or speak out the lie you have been forming as you came, for I warn you that though I may have a right to believe you, I may at the same time suspect you."

"Why, as for the matter of that, mistress, d'ye see, I'm come to make an honest woman of you."

"From him?"

She gasped the words forth as if her very life lay in their emphasis.

"Ay."

"Has he repented at last, then?"

"Whew!" he whistled. "Devil a bit of that but I'm to marry you."

"To marry me?"

"Ay. Why not?"
"To save my shame with you?"
"I'm as good a man—come now—as you're a woman, you know."
"Oh me!—oh me!"

Clasping her head in her hands, she rocked herself to and fro, and felt how deeply the cruel dagger was stabbing her. Even the callous wretch who counted upon her shame, was not quite unmoved.

"Come, come!" he said, "don't take it so hardly—it's the way with these young chaps, and he'll stand a pretty round sum. You know when they're tired of a toy they fling it away, and you may as well make the best of a bad matter."

"Sell me—the mother of his child to you! I am forced to believe much that I can't but think incredible—but this passes all sufferance."

"Why, what's wrong now?"

"Man, if you value your life—it's worth but little—go! or I'll kill you!—kill you!"—and she clasped her white teeth together in the paroxysm of rage that seized her, and made him leap to his feet.

"Why, you jaded!"
"Go! or your blood be on your own head!"

She pointed to the door, with a proud imperious gesture.

"Curse you!" growled the ruffian, "but I'll be revenged yet."

"Cursed and trampled upon—I who have hurt no human creature! Oh, is it not too much!"

Anyone not utterly bloodless would have thought so, on looking at the prostrate woman as she sank upon the floor with wringing hands, the very "Magdalene" of the solemn Scriptures, we look upon,

let us hope, with softening human hearts.

She sought Morton out. He had quitted the home of slothful and sinful ease they had dwelt in, and he had plunged, believing himself duped and deceived in turn into the frantic excesses which the multifarious Babylon offered to him.

The wreck of "Two Lives" was going on.

One was vainly seeking the other, and so by imperceptible threads, by minute degrees, the crisis was coming fast.

One meeting more.

But would they meet in life, or in death? Our final chapter will show.

PART VI.—"TO MEET AND PART NO MORE."

OUR last chapter.

And the "morning and the evening were on the same day."

We quote the words with a dread aptitude as the sequel will show.

Cold, grey, and ghastly broke the dawn of the coming morning.

The hands of one growing cold in the chill clasp of death.

The hands of another growing hot under the influence of wine, and the purport to commit murder.



MR. W. HARRISON, LESSEE OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

for they speak ill of it, mostly on very slight acquaintance. They call it "sordid pelf," and say that "riches, the incentives to evil, are dug out of the earth." Well, so are potatoes dug out of the earth, and they are just as much, and no more, the incentives to gluttony, as riches are to evil, to those who are over fond of them; and the only sordidness of pelf is derived from the hand that clutches it. Far be it from us to defend the love of money, considered as a blind passion, which we frankly admit to be the root of all evil, but we must put in a gentle plea for a sensible, well-regulated regard for it. We wish we had more of it.

QUARTER DAY.—The dread of tenants and the delight of landlords is quarter-day. We never knew one to pass by without hearing people say that money is tight, and it is hard to collect bills. All, by mutual consent, turn the key on the money drawer, and take delight in tormenting each other. They can't pay any bills until after quarter-day, and so bills remain unpaid, and rents ditto. But after the awful day is past, money gradually gets into circulation again, and those who have accommodating landlords, pay up and go on smoothly, but those who have not. Ah! We wish we could help them.

as he imagined, invented a plot and plan of his own against which nothing could resist.

"Wretch!" cried Elsie, in a tone that startled one so cool and callous as he. "Do you dare show your evil face to me now?"

"Aye, mistress, aye!" and he laughed coarsely. "I dare that, and a little more."

"If your master but knew your insolence, you knave, even now, forgotten as I am, he would chastise you, and richly you merit it."

"My master's gone, with a bonny wench, to Newmarket. Billo! you devil's limb, what do you mean?"

The cry and the leap back were not without good reason. She had caught up a knife, and its point was within an inch of his breast.

He was within an ace of being a dead man.

One look at her face would have said, loudly enough, that she intended it.

"Come, come," he said more soothingly, and this time more respectfully, "keep calm and listen to reason."

"Listen to you?"

The withering contempt expressed by her look seemed to be scorching him like fire.

"If you knew all," he continued, with a sullen subjection he could scarcely command, for all the

For dwelling on its once exceptional grounds even, which prove it so, is neither more nor less than murder.

All the sophistry, all the tragic nonsense talked about honour, all the false sentiment and the deliberate lies, which some few will believe in, can never alter the inalterable fact, that duelling is mere murder.

And I say that exceptions prove the rule. However, Lord Morton Elwood, and Captain Fitzroy were to meet—the one having an injury to be avenged of, the other to give satisfaction for having committed a baseness their accepted code of honour sanctioned.

Cold, and grey, and ghastly as the morning was, four men might have been seen at the same hour and moment coming deliberately to meet each other in a remote and sequestered spot, then known as Belsize-park, now not known at all, at least in its primitive and very picturesque form.

For there were leafy coverts and green glades, and sequestered walks, and sylvan haunts which the youthful generation of artists loved to linger in and sketch from the grey or the golden dawn until the reddening sun blazed out in dying glory in the west.

A fifth was seen—a grave, stolid, but gentlemanly man of middle-age and of irreproachable aspect, and of a rigidly professional appearance.

This was Doctor Fleam, the regimental surgeon of Captain Fitzroy's company.

Had anyone been able to glance into the pocket of his palatoid, they would have seen there a case—a case of instruments that is to say—whose cold, livid, cruel look would have sent a shudder through the frame.

Two men with pale, firm faces, with their hands in their overcoats, walked on, the one advancing towards the other, looking as though they were utter strangers and had never met, but still showing by an indescribable something how much they wanted not only to meet, but the one to clutch the other by the very heart, and all hot and bleeding, squeeze out the last drops of life-blood left in it.

This last picture—forcible enough—is borrowed, not made, that being simply a quotation it is retained, otherwise the reader might object to it.

Besides, in a reserved, psychological sense it is true.

These two were Captain Fitzroy and Lord Morton Elwood.

There was a kind of desperate and cynical composure in both which had a cruel inhumanity about it not well to dwell upon.

Yet between the two men there was so far a difference in the air of both that seemed to lend a gallant aspect to the one while it touched the other with a felon taint.

It must be admitted that Morton Elwood—the original cause of the whole—fully believed that he was about to engage in a knightly and an honourable contest, but it must be admitted, too, what amount of "injured innocence" he felt himself bound to protect.

The chill cold, ghastly morning did not seem to have much effect upon the nerves of these men—both of whom were there with a deadly purpose.

The cold dew lay thickly on the grass with its almost clammy contact, since any man who has walked through the heather or the grass in which the grouse are nesting, know how the best boots, upon the best principle of "carrying," and all accompanying arts of keeping off the wet, are incapable of resisting the insidious wet, chill, and cold.

In short—both were shuddering with cold and wet from the feet up to the head.

The other two, for still our group of personages must be completed—the other two, forming the four, and each one walking with his "principal," were the "seconds" in the duel.

Each one carried under his arm a case—a significant-looking box, in which were a pair of duelling pistols.

Duelling pistols were then an institution, and it is not so long ago that it became absolute, that is to say an "institution" which was recognized to the grief of many, as a proper mode of righting a wrong, and which only made it more unrighteous.

To complete the business, and give it an air of elegant finish, each one of the seconds carried a small sword beneath the dexter arm.

For, if any difference of opinion had arisen with regard to the weapon to be used in the duel just to "come off," there was a "choice of weapons," and neither party could have ground of complaint.

The plan of murder, occasional, and in which both would be guilty, was thus far rendered complete.

The four halted—the two principals apart. The two seconds conversed a few moments apart.

"Any chance of squaring this stupid matter?" asked one of the seconds to the other.

The "other" shook his head, as much as to say that the whole matter having been carried too far, there was no chance of getting out of it.

"Very well, then—where will you place your man?"

"Here," was the laconic answer.

He had placed his man (Fitzroy) with his back to the rising, reddening sun, so that the light should not dazzle his eyes, nor mar his aim.

"Than I place mine here."

Morton Elwood's second had taken a place—as by the noble laws of duelling, he had a right to do—in an oblique direction to the gathering sunrise.

The two principals, leaving all preliminaries of etiquette to their seconds, had taken off their coats and flung them on the grass, wet and reeking with the morning dew.

"What weapon does your friend choose?"

The second of the challenged—who, of course, was Captain Fitzroy—went to his principal and put the question to him.

"Pistols," was his conclusive reply.

The pistols, according to the formulas of these knightly traditions, were handed one to each.

The two-and-twenty "highly genteel" paces

were walked out, accepted, and the two men stood face to face, waiting for the word to fire.

The signal was given.

Both fired. Neither fell.

Lord Elwood had been touched, nevertheless, and out of this sprang a new form of the duel.

As he neither fell nor apologized—not being shot through brain or heart—and not giving up his ground, the friendly seconds met, and it was arranged that the duel should be completed with the small-sword.

And the small-sword was as formidable a weapon as the pistol, if in competent hands.

But because Captain Fitzroy had seen his opponent hit on the right arm, he chose that weapon as putting his adversary in a worse fix than before, and the other accepted it with a cold, calm quiet smile which the captain regretted a moment after.

He (the captain) felt and knew that only one man of the two duellists was to leave the ground alive, and he naturally intended that the living man in question was to be himself.

The seconds had held a conference together, carried through with all the proper decorum expected in such solemnities, and while Morton Elwood's second objected at first to the proposal, he was so far over-ruled by his principal that he ceased to hesitate farther, and the swords being measured and found to be of equal length and texture, were handed to the duellists, who now stood more closely faced.

They looked, the one upon the other, with that furious calm which reigns around the vine clad sides of Etna or Vesuvius even while the molten fires are seething and surging in its interior.

Nevertheless, it was Captain Fitzroy whose face blanched before the impassive marble hauteur of Morton's face.

For bleeding as he still was from his wounded right arm—a sense of the wrong he had committed would have some effect on the captain's nerves—and, while calculating the chances, the swords crossed, grating harshly and chillingly against one another, and the sparks began presently to shower out of them, and the trampling of feet grew quicker as the strife became more deadly.

Even when using the harmless foil a strange, indecipherable feeling seems to run through the steel up the arm, and quickens the very pulses, and the eyes kindle, the teeth clash and set, and the murderous element, ever latent in man's nature, is quickening fast into life.

Suddenly one of them stumbled, and a sword flew through the air, having been, by a dexterous trick of fence, struck out of the duellist's hand.

The disarmed man, helpless and pale, was at the mercy of his adversary.

This happened to be Captain Fitzroy, and for a brief moment Morton Elwood, with his deadly weapon in his firm grasp, glared on him with pitiless eyes.

Next, he lowered his point, drew a step back, and said to his second, "Pray pick it up, and return it to him; I cannot strike him at a disadvantage."

A smile, almost infernal in its mean malignity, crossed the captain's face as he received the sword, even while he could not conceal from himself that his risks were not to be lightly calculated.

"Lieutenant Pierson," said Fitzroy's second, advancing to the other, "don't you think an arrangement now possible? Your principal, after so noble an act, can suffer nothing by accepting the expressions of regret I am sure mine will make."

"I quite agree that up to this moment the laws of honour have had full justice rendered them," was the reply of the other. "What say you, Lord Elwood?"

"I say," returned Morton, while a deadly faintness came over him, and he almost reeled on his feet, supporting himself with the point of his sword in the grass—"I say that I am in your hands, and that—that—"

"Engarde!" shouted the eager, cruel voice of Fitzroy. "No child's play for me."

The next moment his sword had passed through Morton's breast, who fell with a stifled sigh upon the grass.

His second and the surgeon, of course, rushed to help him up, and to pay him the requisite attentions.

"You have committed a murder, Captain Fitzroy," his second said to him. "Fly, while you have the minutes that shall be allowed you before I meet with legal help to detain you. By heaven! after that I will be the first to bear testimony against your dastardly act, and brand you as the bravo—the assassin, that you have forced yourself to be."

"Why, Dick—Dick Pierson, do you turn against me?" gasped the wretched man, who had scarcely yet arrived at the enormity of his diabolical act.

"He gave you your life nobly when yours was in his power," and he pointed to the fallen man, down whose breast the red blood was trickling. "Go, save yourself if you can; for my part, I disown you, and your wicked, cowardly deed."

The captain, "gallant" as he was, did not disdain the practical advice. He hurried away from the scene of his culminating crime, and simultaneously disappears out of the pages of this story.

Morton Elwood was dangerously, but not mortally wounded, as the surgeon pronounced, and the vehicle that had brought him and his second to the ground, was summoned.

Still half reclining on the ground, his head on his second's knee, he cast a wandering look around him.

"Where is my man, Roper—Hiram Roper?" he exclaimed, in a faint but determined tone.

"He is at hand," said the surgeon, who was endeavouring to staunch the blood, as it still flowed from the orifice in his chest.

"Call him."

"Let him be composed."

"Pray be called, I beseech you. I know I have death within a span's length of me."

And a few minutes after Hiram Roper drove the chaise that had been judiciously out of sight till the "little matter" was over, up across the grass.

"You know where Elsie Greenfield lives," said Morton to him, with a collectedness of tone and manner which meant no trifling.

"The treacherous hireling stammered—

"I my lord—I—no!—that is—"

Morton broke in by saying—

"Aye! You know it will serve you better to confess the truth, to take me there—to her—and at once, for there is not much time left me."

"My lord—"

"Twenty guineas for you if you hesitate no longer. Doctor, you will go with us."

"Yes, willingly," as Morton was lifted into the carriage. "I see that no trifling will serve you now; is it?"

"It is life and death—it is restitution—it is the last thing a man can do, and she shall be my lawful wedded wife before I die. Would to God I had done a man's true duty sooner!"

"Hun!" muttered the doctor. "I see, an old story, sentiment and love—" and then dismissing the unnecessary subject, he turned his attention to his patient, who was growing faint, and the shadows of death coming over him.

Through green roads, through streets surging with the sound of traffic, through squares, by turnings and windings and angles, they sped on until at last the carriage stopped.

"She lives here, my lord," said Hiram Roper, as he touched his hat at the carriage window, and in a short space of time after, Morton, assisted by the doctor and his second, was in the room.

They assisted him to a chair, gave him a stimulative draught, and then he could look around the chamber.

He beheld a sight that fixed every eye, and held them chained in the strong stupor of horror that made the heart's blood chill.

The child, beautiful as a cherub, still lay dead on the coverlet.

The mother, with her hair, beautiful in death as in life, was kneeling by the bedside, the fatal vial in one hand, the hand of her dead baby in the other.

It did not require an instant of time for Morton to take all this awful scene in. It was a history in which he had played so sad, so prominent a part, and he knew all!

With wringing hands—with anguished sobs—with the awful shades of death coming over his face in every waning hue—he rose, staggered towards her—sobbed out his life in the word—"Elsie!" and fell dead by her side.

Dead—all dead! The story told, and the tragedy over.

Do you like it?

As a "sad tale is best for winter," even this may pass current.

R.

ROSALIE BERTON.

WHILE passing some time in the south of France, I spent a few days at Saumur, a town on the banks of the Loire, situated in that province, which, from its fertility and beauty, is usually designated the garden of France.

Saumur, I had been informed, was a place famed alike for its vineyards and its pretty girls, a coincidence certainly natural, since it fairly may be supposed, that the sun which ripens the richest fruit in Nature, should alike mature its sweetest flowers, and perfect the beauties and the charms of that sex, which is literally "like the fair flower in its lustre." As the friend, by whom I was accompanied, was well known in the place, we were soon introduced to a circle of respectable families; and among others, to that of Berton, consisting of the father, mother, and daughter.

Rosalie Berton was the belle of Saumur. And a sweet and lovely girl she was, as ever the eye of affection hailed with delight. Her charms had something of a peculiar style and character; for with the bright, black eyes, and fine, dark hair of the south, were united the fair complexion and delicately-tinted cheek of a northern beauty. Her face was of a somewhat more pensive turn than usual, and her meek, mild features, and soft dark eyes, bore traces of tender feeling and of gentle thought; while so expressive was her countenance, that it responded, at will, to her feelings, and the eye and the cheek which were one moment impressed with melancholy, beamed forth the next with all the warmth of intelligence, affection, or delight. Her accomplishments were really of a superior kind; she walked with more than the usual elegance of her country-women, and danced with equal animation and grace. But her most attractive charm consisted in her voice, which, though not particularly powerful, had a sweetness and a melody which were perfectly delightful; so that never, methinks, have I heard a softer strain, than when that fair girl was wont to sing to her guitar the simple ballads and sweet romances of her native land. And her musical talents were enhanced by her gentle, complying disposition, and by the readiness with which she obeyed every call on her exertions. From her music-master, who was a native of Italy, she also learnt Italian, which she spoke with more fluency and correctness than is usual among the French; she drew, moreover, with considerable taste. So affectionate and so amiable was she, that she deserved all the encomiums of her friends, and even their hyperbolic compliments were scarcely extravagant when applied to her. She possessed also, considerable dramatic skill and tact, and would, I think, have proved a delightful acquisition to the stage, from the skill she displayed in those little playful scenes, with which the French delight to embellish life.

We were favoured with a specimen of her talents in this way, on the evening of our arrival. It was the fête day of madame, the mother of Louise, and we were invited to be present. After some time passed in taking refreshments, varied by dancing, conversation, &c., the little ceremony of the evening commenced; the door opened, and a small but gay procession entered the room. It consisted of several young persons, all friends of the family, headed by Louise, who was charmingly dressed, and looked altogether lovely. She bore her guitar across her bosom, and the instrument was encircled with a wreath

of flowers. Each individual carried some little offering, such as bottles of wine and liquors, conserves and sweetmeats, flowers and fruit, &c., &c., and these were placed on the table, the whole group forming a circle round Rosalie, who advanced to her mother, and sang to the guitar some verses consecrated to such occasions.

The lovely girl then loosed the garland from her lyre, placed it with light hand upon the brow of her mother, and sank in a graceful bending attitude to receive her parent's blessing. She was instantly raised, fondly embraced by both her admiring parents, and with a repetition of the song, the whole party left the room.

The scene is long past, but I have often recalled it since; and in many an hour of fancy and of thought, have again beheld that fair girl kneeling to her mother, again beheld her clasped to that mother's heart.

With the charms and accomplishments which I have described (the sketch can convey but a faint idea of those which she actually possessed), it cannot be supposed that Rosalie was destitute of admirers. She had, indeed, several, but their suits were all unsuccessful. She had been addressed in turn by the son of the President of the Tribunal du Commerce—and by a nephew to a Monsieur de Valeris, the seigneur who resided at a neighbouring chateau. But they were all, more or less, improper characters; the president's son a drunkard, a character utterly despised in these parts; while the nephew to the seigneur, was actually a bad subject. What the French precisely understand by a bad subject, I never could exactly make out; for, when impelled by curiosity to inquire, my queries were always met by such a volley of virgination, as left me altogether in the dark with regard to the real nature of the charge. On the whole, I presume, we are to consider a bad subject as a culprit, compared with whose transgressions, the several enormities of gaming, drinking, and the like, sink into mere peccadilloes.

The parents of Rosalie (the parents settle all these matters in France), on learning the character of their intended sons-in-law, dismissed them one after the other; and Rosalie acquiesced in their determination with a readiness and a decision, which did equal honour to her affection and her judgment.

So interesting a girl, however, was not likely to remain long without a suitable admirer, and she speedily had another affair of the heart. A young and handsome lieutenant in the Royal Guard, aspired to gain her hand, and to replace the vacancy in her affections.

Henri Vaucouleurs was a fine, tall, dark, martial-looking young man (the French make fine-looking soldiers), and, with his luxuriant moustachios and the eager glance of his keen black eye seemed the very *beau idéal* of a modern hero. Born at M. zieres, in the department of Ardennes, he was cradled in the very lap of war, and was yet a mere boy; when, in the summer of 1813, he joined the corps called the Guards of Honour. He made the campaign of Germany, and was present in the battles of Leipzig and of Hanau, in the last of which he received a ball in the right arm. He shortly, however, resumed his post with the army assembled for the defence of France, and at the battle of Aon received a severe sabre cut on his forehead, the scar of which added much to the martial aspect of his countenance. At a peace he joined the Royal Guard, in which corps he still continued. He was really a very estimable and engaging young man; and possessed more candour, intelligence, and good sense, than I think I ever witnessed in a military man among the French. His account of his campaigns was exceedingly modest, unaffected, and intelligent, and his whole conversation and manner were of a superior character. I remember he spoke with great forbearance of the three principal nations among the allies, the Russians, Prussians, and Austrians; but inveighed, bitterly, against several of the auxiliaries, who, he said, having received only benefits of the French Emperor, embraced the first opportunity offered by a reverse of fortune, to desert and betray him. Of Napoleon, he spoke with enthusiasm as a soldier; but with detestation, as an intoxicated and deluded tyrant, a rash and desperate gamester, who sent forth his attached and devoted soldiers, to be devoured by the destroying elements, without provision, or scarcely a thought for their natural and indispensable wants.

Such were the character and pretensions of him who was destined to gain the affections of Rosalie. At first, he seemed to have but little chance of success. Old people commonly entertain a prejudice against the character and profession of military men, and are seldom ambitious of such an alliance for a daughter. The parents of Rosalie were prepossessed against Henri on account of his calling and, though Rosalie herself early entertained an interest in his favour, yet she was too good and too wise to cherish in herself or to encourage in her lover, an attachment which her parents might disapprove. Henri was, however, admitted as a visitor at the house, and by degrees his amiable manners and correct deportment won, first on the old lady, and then on the father, till their scruples vanished, and, indeed, they wondered they could ever have entertained any against so estimable a young man and an officer. He was thus speedily received as the lover of Rosalie, and about the time of my visit was installed in all the privileges of a friend. He was equally accomplished with herself; spoke French fluently, Italian, passably well, and was an excellent performer on the flute and the guitar; so that he was a fit companion for his charming intended, and was able to assist in those refined and elegant recreations in which she also excelled.

(To be continued.)

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